THE

HISTORY

OF THE

LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

Mr Anderſon.

CONTAINING

His ſtrange Varieties of Fortune

IN

EUROPE AND AMERICA.

COMPILED FROM HIS OWN PAPERS.

——If there is a Power above us,
And that there is, all Nature cries aloud,
Thro' all her works, he muſt delight in Virtue,
And that which he delights in muſt be happy.

ADDISON.

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HISTORY

THE

LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

Mr ANDERSON.

THOUGH it is the usual custom of the biographer to set forth to his [illegible] by a detail of the family and parentage of his hero; yet my readers will at once perceive that an attempt of that kind would be unnatural, if not impossible in the [illegible] Mr Anderson plunged into the [illegible] miseries of life, from being actuated [illegible] deprived of that knowledge [illegible] from that fatal cause, experienced [illegible] misfortunes equally capable of [illegible] head and improving the heart. [illegible] rative I am about to present to the [illegible] insensibly, under the guise of a [illegible] ment, steals instruction [illegible] and produces benefit [illegible] and draw the hard [illegible]

eye of inhumanity; if whilst the souls *that bleed for others woes, that feel for suffering merit's deep distress*, lend an attentive ear, or eye, to this strange story; it serves to mollify unfeeling, obdurate cruelty, I shall have my wish, and the trouble I have been at to fashion my friends memoirs, will be well repaid; for I am of the poet's opinion, that

One moral, or a mere well natur'd deed,
Does all desert in sciences exceed.

In a most delightful evening of the month of *May* 1697, a well dress'd man coming from an house in *Portugal-Row* in *Lincoln's Inn-Fields*, with an amiably featur'd child in his hand, to appearance about seven years of age, made a sudden stop, as if he had forgot somewhat in the house he came from, and saying *Tommy stay at the door a minute, I'll be back directly*, left him at the gate and [illegible] in doors. This whole action was [illegible] by a man in a seafaring dress, who [illegible] shuntered down the row, and who passing the child, and being witness to the circumstance of leaving him, ey'd him with [illegible] pleasure, and, chucking him under the chin, asked him if that was his pappa, who was just gone in, to which the innocent [illegible] answered yes, and, unused [illegible] rough a voice, fell a crying. The [illegible]

then left him and walked to some [illegible]; but finding the father did not return so [illegible]denly as he expected, and that no [illegible] came out to him, he again walked [illegible] the child, and told him he would carry [illegible] to his pappa, who was gone out [illegible] way, upon which he very willingly gave him his hand. For some minutes he walked slowly, still looking for his father's appearance; but preceiving, when he got to the end of the row, that the coast continued [illegible], he took him up in his arms, and hasted [illegible] the fields as expeditiously as his [illegible] carry him, The few people that [illegible]sing and repassing, it may be supposed [illegible] either too intent upon their own [illegible] take notice of these incidents, or [illegible]gined the seaman had some [illegible] with the child, or his parents; or, [illegible]wise, might be of that cass of mortals [illegible] would not turn out of their ways, or [illegible] their heads to do a humane or [illegible]tion, where the least trouble or [illegible]tended it; contenting [illegible] merciless adage, *People must [illegible] own—I have enough to do to [illegible]* such wretches really exist in [illegible]

[illegible] fellow hasted through [illegible] infant with tarts, [illegible] which he bought as he [illegible]

and with the repeated assurances of bringing him to his puppa, for whom he often enquired with a whimpering tone; by which devices he kept him pretty quiet till he came to his rendezvous in St *Catharine's*, where he pretended that it was the child of a relation, that was going with him to *Bristol*, for which place he was to set off the very next morning; but notwithstanding all the arts he made use of, and the assistant solicitude of his landlady and her people, the poor innocent cry'd most piercingly, till weariness closed his eyes, and left him in the quiet custody of ruder hands than ever before he seemed to have experienced the touch of. As soon as the morning dawned, he was carried on board a small coasting vessel, in which his pretended possessor was a passenger, which immediately unmoored and stood seaward.

The floating, volatile ideas of children, soon shift and change from one object to another; their loves and aversions arrive to no degree of steadiness, before reason begins to dawn upon their minds, and, consequently, as all the contrivances were made use of to keep him in good humour, during a passage of only three days, he was brought to the intended port pleased and contented, and still buoy'd up with the promise of seeing his puppa, whom he now and then [illegible]

quired after, and his mamma, whom he had three or four times mentioned, during the voyage.

Dreadful, no doubt, was the situation of the unfortunate parents of the unhappy boy. Can paternal or maternal tenderness receive a greater pain than such an uncertain privation, perhaps of an only, fondly beloved pledge of mutual affection? Would not an assurance of death---the following him to the grave, have been infinitely more tolerable, than the thousand heart-breaking, anxious fears, that tortured their souls in the perplexing doubts of the hands their child had fallen into, the usage he had or was likely to meet with? but we must leave them to their killing anguish, and to prayers to the protector of innocence, and return to our young adventurer.

The man who had thus kidnapp'd this little cherub was the master of a vessel belonging to *Brissol*, then lying in *Kingroad*, bound to the coast of *Guinea*, upon the slave trade, and had taken a sudden trip to *London*, to consult with one of his owners, upon some matters relating to his voyage, [illegible] a single man, and having no [illegible] ings on shore, repaired, upon [illegible] on board his own vessel, [illegible]

Tommy, whom he deſtined for his companion and bedfellow, in the long and unhealthy voyage which he was going. He had all the roughneſs and brutality uſual to his profeſſion, mingled, however, with an inſinuating air, that was the proceſs of an abominable vice, that I muſt too ſoon be obliged to hint at. As to his principles, I ſhall not need to deſcribe them; the facts, that will follow, will afford a ſufficient portrait of them to my readers. Still he continued highly to careſs and fondle his little meſſmate, by which means he in a manner obliterated all the remaining traces of his parents, and ſoon brought him to call him by the endearing appellation of his pappa; ſo that, bating the little ſickneſs of his former voyage, after having proper neceſſaries and linnen provided for him as a child of the captain's relation, he felt no other uneaſineſs, and the ſhip ſet ſail, whilſt he diverted himſelf in the round-houſe with the toys that had been given him for that purpoſe.

Hitherto, the reader will be apt to imagine that the captain had conceived a ſudden fondneſs for this child at firſt ſight, from a view of his enchanting countenance which was continued by farther knowledge of his pretty ſociety; a deſire ſolely to breed him up as his own, and to ſupply the defect of

offspring, without the cares or turmoils of matrimony, at the expence only of making a family miſerable; contenting himſelf with the ſalvo of ſupplying the tenderneſs of the parents, by his own. Such inſtances perhaps may be produced; but this, alas! was far from being one of them. *Tom* was, though ſmall of ſtature for his age, and backward in his ſpeech, of a moſt exact proportion of body, and a charming ſymmetry of features, and by his dreſs and behaviour, evidenced his being born of parents above the common rank; his eyes were black, and already, his hair of the ſame hue, hung in treſſes curling in his neck, his ſkin was fair as alabaſter, and his little plump lips and cheeks were like roſes: A painter could not have had a finer original to have copied a *Cupid* from, or a ſtatuary to form one of thoſe cherubs that are ſeen hovering over the monuments of the departed great and good.

When ſome few days had paſſed, and the diſtance from any ſuperior authority left this wretch tyrant of his wooden world, without appeal or controul, and *Tom* had, in ſome meaſure, conquered the ſickneſs of his [illegible] element, he began to treat him in a moſt [illegible] manner, for which he had [illegible] him; to make him the ſubject of

worſt, moſt ſhocking and moſt unnatural luſt. The poor child much injured, much abuſed, ſoon loſt his colour and complexion; but innocent and ignorant of any ill, but the pain he ſuffered, upon the leaſt complaint was ſeverely whipped, under the notion of illneſs none of the ſhip's crew were permitted to ſee him, and he was kept cloſely confined in *Williamſon*'s ſtate room, for that was his tormentor's name, which for ever will be remembered with the infamy it deſerves.

We muſt not expect that all-ſeeing Providence ſhould, according to our expectations, always puniſh even the moſt degrading and abominable crimes:

The ways of heaven are dark and intricate,
Puzzled with mazes, and perplex'd with errors:
Our underſtanding traces them in vain,
Loſt and bewilder'd in the fruitleſs ſearch;
Nor ſees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confuſion ends.

The ſucceſs of a voyage that one would imagine would have been diſappointed by thunder from heaven, of a ſhip that ſeemed [illegible] for the blaſt of avenging lightning, [illegible] the divine diſpleaſure, was ſo extraordinary

that they completed their lading of slaves in less than six weeks, and safely arrived at *Sene-puxon* inlet in *Maryland*, where *Williamson* disposed of his cargo to advantage, and had almost completed his returns for *Europe*, before he had determined the fate of the hapless boy. By this time, he had completed his eighth year, and though so cruelly treated, so wickedly robbed of the instructions and cares of his parents, discovered a promising genius, and a softness and good nature of disposition, that would have melted any heart, but that of the villain who had him in his power; but he was grown pale, thin and emaciated, and his condition threatened no great number of additional days to his existence. To this state of his health he owed his deliverance; the brute, who was actuated by avarice as well as worse passions, apprehending he would die at sea, determined to make money of this innocent venture, before his departure, and accordingly agreed with an eminent planter to dispose of his future liberty for the sum of *ten pounds* sterling, which the planter was the more ready to pay, as he had an only daughter of near the same age, on whom his pride and vanity told him, he would be a very ornamental attendant [illegible] shew so much humanity [illegible] [illegible]ce, as to persuade him to [illegible]

to him, telling him he was the son of an unfortunate relation, that he had bred as his own, and with whom he would not have parted, could he have dealt as well by him on shipboard, or had he a settlement at home to fix him at. By these means poor *Tommy* shifted masters, and was delivered to Mr *Barlow*, for that was his present patron's name, who was a man of large possessions, the lord of many thousand acres, and of several hundred slaves; but as to his disposition, full as base and wicked as *Williamson*. *Tommy* was had to his house, and received by Mrs *Barlow* and her little daughter *Fanny*, with delight and tenderness, and in a few days discovered by his perfect recovery, the benefit he received from the air, and his distance from the wretch who had near destroyed him, and from whom, so sensible the little fellow was grown, he parted without the semblance of a tear.

Barlow, who was concerned in *Williamson*'s cargo, did not accompany his purchase to his house, which was near twenty miles from the sea; but stay'd tipling on board, and at the neighbouring plantations with the captain, till he was ready to proceed on his voyage. In one of these drunken bouts, as is often the case, both rogues alike and birds of a feather, they began to crack of the

arts they had practiſed to defraud in traffic, and, from thence, to brag of the various enormities they had been guilty of, in the gratification of their paſſions, with impunity. *Williamſon* ſcorned to be undone, and layed him a wager that he had got money that voyage, by a method the cunningeſt *Marylander* had never thought of, and, in fine, betrayed the whole ſecret of poor *Tommy*'s capture, defying *Barlow* to match it with a ſtroke of ſo much *éclat*. *Barlow* at firſt was ſomewhat ſhocked, and damn'd his companion for a miſcreant and a villain; but ſoon join'd him in his laugh upon the occaſion, and agreed to applaud it as a maſterpiece, concluding —well d—n me, perhaps he'll make as good a man under me as he would at home. As ſoon as *Williamſon* failed, the righteous planter returned home; but before we enter the houſe with him, let us take a ſurvey of the treatment *Tommy* received before his arrival.

Mrs *Barlow* was a woman of ſenſe and humanity, of many extraordinary endowments, and a mother; ſhe was ſurprized that there could be perſons ſo hard hearted to ſell innocent and hapleſs infancy, to perpetual ſervitude; when perhaps, as ills are common to all alike, and the moſt affluent may meet with a reverſe of fortune, their own children might be expoſed to the mercileſs

hands of ſtrangers. This was the reflection ſhe made at the firſt ſight of the hapleſs boy; but, when his ſpirits were a little revived, he appeared ſo lively, and of ſo amiable a temper, that, before the return of her huſband, he had made ſuch a quick progreſs in her affections, ſhe began to look upon him, even with the tenderneſs of a mother, which was ſenſibly encreaſed by her *Fanny*'s fondneſs for her new playmate, who could not bear him out of her ſight, and for whom he ſeemed to have contracted an equal affection. Indeed, bating the difference of ſex, they were ſo alike, now *Tommy* had recovered from his ill uſage and fatigues, that every body were ſurprized at it, and pronounced, if they had not been certain of the contrary, they ſhould have believed them twins from the ſame womb. *Fanny*, as to temper, had all her mother, but nothing of her father about her, and, as the plantations lie pretty wide from each other, and the prudence of her mother had kept her from any intercourſe with the children of their *Negroes*, ſhe had ſeen few white children, and conſequently was ſtill the more pleaſed with *Tommy*'s company. For a fortnight, thus all was happineſs with him, at the expiration of which time *Barlow* arrived, and his ſpouſe and daughter ran to the door to meet him; but I muſt aſſure my reader, that it was in

token of reſpect, not of affection; for he had ever behaved to his amiable wife and child with a moroſeneſs very near bordering upon ill uſage and brutality; ſo that they looked upon him with a kind of fear and trembling, whenever he was at home, and yet *Fanny* could not help crying, Pappa, ſee, here's *Tommy*—my pretty *Tommy* at play with me! for this was the only name he went by, and immediately took him by the hand to bring him forward; upon which her father exclaimed, G—d d—n me, madam, I ſent this brat as a ſervant for your girl, not as a companion—let looſe his hand you little b—h ——fine work truly—get you gone, ſirrah, into the kitchen. *Fanny* and her partner looked earneſty upon Mrs *Barlow*, and fell a crying; and poor *Tommy* remembring the old diſcipline of the whip, innocently fell upon his knees, and with his little hands uplifted, begged pardon, and ſaid he would do ſo no more—Pray don't whip me! —Mrs *Barlow*, quite melted at this ſight, took them both in her arms, with the tears ſtanding in her eyes, ſaying, for God's ſake, Mr *Barlow*, don't frighten the children ſo—don't ſpeak ſo roughly to 'em—can't you ſoften thoſe ungracious features for once? You may be damn'd, and they too—my will ſhall be obey'd—and ſo ſurlily paſſed them,

and walked into the parlour, where the taking off his boots gave time to the good woman to ſooth *Tommy*, and carry him into the kitchen, to the care of a female ſervant, from whence ſhe could hardly get her daughter away without him, to go with her to attend this piece of wedded inhumanity. The ſervant's name was *Molly Beedle*, a native of *Briſtol*, and remarkably fond of children; and, indeed, in every thing elſe of a diſpoſition that merited a better fate, than to have been indented to ſuch a maſter; ſo that ſhe took great care of *Tommy*, and dried up his tears, but could not prevent his looking often anxiouſly towards the houſe, and aſking for his mamma and ſiſter; for ſo the good Mrs *Barlow* had inſtructed him to call them, and praying her not to let that great angry man carry him away and whip him. Mean time, *Barlow*, having a little recovered from his ill temper, began, all at once, to tell his wife the ſtory he had learned from *Williamſon* of *Tommy*—concluding with—d—n me, he'll be better done by here than at home, perhaps—ſome beggar's brat, I ſuppoſe—but, by G—d, never was ſo barefaced, ſo impudent an affair executed before.—— D—n me, he beats me all to pieces,——d—n me if he don't.

The poor woman was ſo overcome

this execrable narration, that ſhe was ready to faint; and, as ſoon as her tears would permit utterance, ſhe cried, Good God! is it poſſible that you can treat ſo ludicrouſly, ſo baſe, ſo criminal an action? Oh Mr *Barlow*, you have a child of your own—if pleaſe God, our heads were laid, what miſeries may ſhe not be ſubject to—gracious heaven! what muſt be the ſufferings of his poor parents!—dear infant!—how ill has he been treated—Lord avert from me and mine, the judgments this huſband has called upon us, by being privy to this dammable deed, and not ſtopping the raſcal who committed it, for puniſhment; but I am reſolved to make him amends—I'll conſider him as my own—he ſhall however feel the tenderneſs of a mother. D—n your preaching, the brute returned ——he's my ſlave for life, and a good bargain he'll be—where's *Fanny!*——*Fanny* indeed was gone ſlily out of the room, and Mrs *Barlow* ſuſpecting where, ran into the kitchen (which in *America* is generally diſtant from the houſe) where ſhe found her daughter with her arms round *Tom's* neck, and his round her's, kiſſing each other, and [illegible]er ſay at her entrance, Pappa ſhan't [illegible], *Tommy!*—he ſhall beat me—and [illegible]ly—no not beat you—beat me be- [illegible]harm'd as ſhe was at the ſight, ſhe [illegible]iged to give him a ſudden kiſs, and

tearing *Fanny* from him, returned with her to her father, who ſhaking her rudely by the arm, ſaid, Huſſy, how dare you go away the minute I came in——I'll knock your brains out if you do ſo again! Pappa, ſhe innocently replyed, I only went to ſee my *Tommy* brother—ſhall I go and fetch him here too?—This pretty ſpeech quite irritated her father, who getting up, cried, Oh, by G—d, I'll ſoon ſee your *Tommy*, and ſnatching a cow-ſkin up (a twiſted thong with which they uſually diſcipline their *Negroes*) ſtalked away to look for the innocent victim of his fury; but *Molly* perceiving him coming, claped him into a cupboard, biding him not ſpeak, by which his ſearch was eluded, and he returned, curſing and ſwearing, into the houſe, that he had given ſo much money for him—adding, D—n me, if I wanted children, I can get 'em myſelf faſt enough—but I'll work his buff, I warrant him—he ſhall learn to hoe very ſoon—I'll puniſh you and your daughter for your fondneſs, I ſay I will! He continued raving thus for the remainder of the evening, till weariness cloſed his eyes, and removed him to bed before his uſual time, on occaſion of his coming off a journey and hard drinking; and, as ſoon as he was faſt, Mrs *Barbot* went into the kitchen with *Fanny* to ſee the little priſoner, who ſoon forgot his frights

in their embraces: ſhe told *Molly* the ſtory, and conſulted with her how to diſpoſe of him the next day, till ſhe ſhould have time to bring her huſband into a better temper in regard to him; and they agreed, the beſt method was to ſend him to one *Ferguſon*'s, who had formerly been their ſervant; but at the expiration of his time, had ſet up for himſelf in a ſmall neighbouring plantation, where he alſo practiſed the buſineſs of a ſurgeon and ſchoolmaſter, and had lately been talked of by *Barlow* to inſtruct his daughter in reading and writing. This was immediately put in execution, after many tears ſhed by *Fanny* and *Tommy* at their ſeparation. The honeſt *Scotſman* received him with great readineſs and good-nature, ſaying, at firſt ſight, he was a lovely boy: And here we muſt leave him for the preſent, to ſee how his abſence worked upon his patron, and what ſteps were taken to ſoften his ſeverity.

The firſt thing he enquired after in the morning was *Tom*, which gave occaſion to Mrs *Barlow* to remonſtrate againſt his unreaſonable ſeverity and antipathy towards the poor child, who had never offended him; and to beſeech, in the moſt winning manner, that he would conſider his misfortune, and the misfortune of his parents,

rather a father to him than a tyrant. Little *Fanny*, who was preſent, and lent an attentive ear to every word, enforced what her mother ſaid, by falling upon her knees, and praying her father to let him live with her, for indeed ſhe loved him better than herſelf. This action, ſo enchantingly pretty in the lovely maid, had, for ſome moments an effect upon his mind, and he ſurlily replied, that he might play with her; but ſhe muſt look upon him as her ſervant more than her companion, and promiſed he would neither threaten nor beat him, if they did not ſpoil him; upon which promiſe, whilſt he rid out to view his grounds, *Tommy* was ſent for home by *Molly Beedle*, who found *Ferguſon* very loth to part with him, he had gained already ſuch an hold in his affection. Mrs *Barlow* taught the little cunning folks how they ſhould behave to each other; and they obeyed her leſſons ſo well, that whenever the huſband appeared, Miſs ſhewed an haughty diſtance, and *Tom* a lowly reverence and reſpect; but never were happier than when he was out of their way, and they could indulge their innocent familiarities with each other. Three years paſſed on thus, without any ſiniſter accident to this young adventurer; in which time the good Mrs *Barlow* had learnt her daughter, and by ſtealth, poor *Tom* to read, very pe[illegible]

The vanity of the planter had impoſed a livery upon him, and, as well as his young miſtreſs, he daily improved in wit and beauty, and was the admiration of all that ſaw him; and ſo tenderly fond he grew of *Fanny* and her mamma, as to change countenance upon the leaſt complaint they either of them made; nay, ſo reſpectfully humble was he to *Barlow* himſelf, that he frequently, ſurlily, beſtowed the epithet of good boy upon him, which was equal to any commendatory phraſe he ever uſed to his daughter herſelf. Mrs *Barlow* had forbidden every body to mention to him, for it had been whiſpered about, the ſtory of *Williamſon*'s treachery, fearing it might make too deep an impreſſion upon the ſoftneſs of his temper; and as ſhe was a woman of the beſt deſcent in *Maryland*, and had been well educated; ſhe alſo had a pretty female collection of the politeſt authors, in whom *Fanny* and *Tom* amuſed themſelves ſo much, that their ideas of men and things began to open ſurpriſingly; and after having exhauſted all this ſtock of knowledge, they thirſted for more, which a very fortunate accident ſoon ſupplied them with. Mr *Gordon*, a *Scots* clergyman, and miſſionary for ſome years at a neighbouring town, happening to pay Mr *Barlow* a viſit; and being mighty fond of children, having none of his own, took a prodigious liking to Miſs

and her pretty attendant, who had now both reached their ninth year. One evening Mrs *Barlow* was lamenting her misfortune in not having a better collection of books, and telling her assistant that her children, as she called them, had exhausted her stock: upon this he answered, that he had brought a tolerable library into the country, and had since much enlarged it by orders from *England*, and promised to let them have one by one his whole riches, as their encreasing years fitted them for their perusal; and, knowing *Barlow*'s temper, told her he wished they were to be sent to *Ferguson*, for instruction, by whose means they might be qualified in such sciences as were more immediately necessary to the offices of life, and through whose hands they might receive the promised treasure, without suspicion. In short, he proposed the matter to Mr *Barlow*, at supper, who readily agreed his daughter should go every day, to learn to write and cast accounts, the only qualifications he had any notion of the necessity of; but not a word of poor *Tom*, of whose being able to read he was still ignorant. This, however, was sufficient; and, as *Tom* was to accompany his young mistress, by the liberality of Mrs *Barlow*, he could not fail of reaping the same advantages. In a few days then, they began their visits to Mr

Ferguſon's, twice a day, and very frequently ſtaid there a whole week together, which was rendered ſtill the more pleaſing to them, as *Tom*'s old friend *Molly Beedle* had near twelve months before been married to their maſter at the expiration of her time; ſo that here they experienced all the tenderneſs of a father and mother, and all the freedom their innocent affection made deſirable. Mrs *Barlow* was over and above liberal to the good folks, not only paying extraordinarily for the inſtructions given to her adopted ſon, and for their caſual board, but alſo ſending daily preſents for the care and pleaſure they ſeemed to take of their charge. *Ferguſon* and his ſpouſe grew tenderly fond of them, and they returned it by the like affection, and when they ſtaid away for ever ſo ſhort a time, even ſhed tears of joy at their arrival. *Barlow* himſelf never troubled his head about them, contenting himſelf with the report of his wife, as to his daughter's proficiency; for he had little notion of the neceſſity of knowledge himſelf, as he could but juſt write his name mechanically, and conſequently was ſomewhat excuſable in thinking any inſtruction for *Tom* of no manner of ſervice. Mr *Gordon* frequently remembered his promiſe, and by this means [illegible] his miſtreſs became converſant with [illegible], and could talk upon moſt topics

with eaſe and grace; nor did the good clergyman forget to inſtill into their minds the principles of religion and morality, which took ſo deep root, as no after misfortune of their lives could ever tempt them to violate. Thus, four years winged their round; in which time, under the notion of only learning to write and caſt accounts, *Fanny* became the moſt accompliſhed maid in *Maryland*; and poor *Tom*, who was ſuppoſed by *Barlow* ſtill to be as ignorant as himſelf, became a proficient in the *Latin* and *French*, in all the uſeful branches of the *mathematics*, ſpoke and wrote correctly and elegantly, and acquired ſuch additions to his native dignity of ſoul and ſentiment, that Mrs *Barlow*, and even Mr *Ferguſon* and Mr *Gordon* ſtood amazed at him. He had indeed nothing to complain of but the frowns of his maſter, the concealment he was obliged to make of his perfections, and the degrading dreſs he wore; in which, however, he appeared as handſome as a *Ganymede*, and ſaid frequently, he thought it the moſt honourable livery in the world, as it betokened his ſervitude to his lovely *Fanny*, whoſe livery he hoped to wear to the end of his life. *Fanny* grew ſo lovely and ſo charming, that her fame reached far and near, and the ſons of many wealthy planters began to ſpeak of her as the moſt deſirable match in the colony. One

day the amiable miſtreſs and her ſervant, ſitting, after ſupper, with the people to whom *Tom* owed ſo much, he ſurprized them with the following addreſs: Dear Sir, to whom I have ſo many obligations, I have often been ruminating within myſelf, what could oblige perſons of ſo much merit, to forſake their native ſkies, to partake of the toils of ſervitude in this country; which, though now happily overpaſt, yet you are far from being in the ſtation of life for which providence ſeemed to intend you. I love you both, to ſuch a degree as ſeldom children love their parents, and long to know, and ſo does this excellent miſtreſs of mine, through what diſaſters you came to *Maryland*, where good ſenſe, learning, and politeneſs ſeem not to be in ſo much requeſt as I underſtand they are in *Europe*; but what do I aſk? perhaps I am going to call up a number of griefs, that may give you pain to remember, without, alas! the moſt diſtant proſpect of being of the leaſt future ſervice to you; however, dear Mr and Mrs *Ferguſon*, here is this charming young lady will, no doubt, one day or other, have it in her power to recompence your worth, and perhaps may remember how much ſhe owes you on account of her ſervant; and, haply, for I have too much awe before my dear mother to make her ſuch a requeſt, you may be able

to inform me how I came to be ſo nobly and tenderly uſed by her, to have, through her cares, the ſtores of wiſdom opened to me, and to be treated by her and her lovely daughter with ſuch affection, whilſt my maſter treats me with ſuperior diſdain and contempt: for my part, I remember no more of myſelf before I came to *Maryland*, than that I made a long voyage, in which I was barbarouſly uſed by a man, whoſe looks I ſhall never forget, and whom I believed to be my father; but who, from the treatment I ſee other children meet with from their parents, I now imagine to have been my worſt enemy. I am ſenſible I am now in the condition of a ſlave; but how can that be, for I could never diſpoſe of myſelf, and you have told me, no man is lord of another's liberty; that we are all naturally born free, and, as *Engliſhmen*, have an excellent conſtitution that protects every individual in his freedom. Theſe are matters my young lady and I have been often dwelling upon, and have both agreed that only you can ſet us right. To her I am proud to be a ſlave and an attendant; but I have a conſcious dignity of principle, that tells me I have an equal right to all the bleſſings of providence with my neighbours, and, except the offspring of love and gratitude, which I owe only to five perſons living,

I know of, am neither naturally nor legally obliged to ſerve any man on earth, unleſs he can prove that I voluntarily made myſelf his property, by contract or indenture. Never was ſurprize and aſtoniſhment equal to *Fergusſon* and his wife's, at the concluſion of this ſenſible ſpeech, the matter of which theſe two young folks had been debating between themſelves ſome days before, and had agreed to recur to them for explication. *Fanny* inforced the requeſt with her entreaties, and, in ſhort, they were quite at a loſs what to do; however, to give time for recollection, as to the latter and more important affair, Mr *Fergusſon* began to break ſilence, in this manner, with the tears ſtanding in his eyes. My amiable pupils, I can deny you nothing, and though the relation of the incidents of my life will recall many melancholy ideas to my mind, yet you ſhall be gratified in the rehearſal of them; and without ſtop continued, I was born at *Air* in *Scotland*, where my father was miniſter, from whom, and an endearing mother, myſelf and a brother received all the inſtruction that our years required; for, before I had reached my ninth, or he his ſeventh year, providence thought fit to deprive us of them by death. An uncle took us under his roof, who behaved with great affection to us, and, having no children of

his own, determined to make us equal ſharers of his fortune, which was near two thouſand pounds ſterling, acquired in trade, which now in the decline of life, he had quitted for retirement and rural enjoyments. When I became of a proper age, I was ſent to the univerſity of *Glaſgow*, whilſt my brother was put 'prentice to a maſter of a veſſel trading to *Virginia*, the ſea being the element he choſe to ſeek his fortune upon. I went through my ſtudies with approbation, became a graduate, and, at the uſual time, quitted the univerſity, to return to my uncle's, who propoſed to me the practice of *phyſic*, for which indeed I was well qualified, having directed my reſearches more into that ſcience than any other. In ſhort, I became a ſucceſsful practitioner, but ſoon experienced it was all I had to truſt to, for my uncle becoming, though near ſeventy, enamoured of a young woman in our neighbourhood, of more policy than honeſty, he was forced, as the firſt ſtep to ſo unnatural an union, to jointer her in the whole of his fortune. I remonſtrated againſt this inſtance of dotage ſo warmly, that he was never reconciled to me afterwards, and as to my new aunt, ſhe purſued me with an inveteracy that proved in the end my ruin. Thus I experienced, that to oppoſe the favourite paſſions or opinions, even of a man of ſenſe

and virtue, in other things, is the moſt impolitic ſtep a young man can take, at his firſt entrance into the world. I felt the loſs of my uncle's table very much; for the fees of a phyſician being but ſmall in that part of the kingdom, I could ſcarce ſupport myſelf without his uſual aſſiſtance; and, as an addition to my chagrin, I ſoon after received the melancholy news that my brother was drowned in his ſixth voyage, homeward, being then firſt mate of the veſſel, and in ſuch credit with the owners, as made it believed he would have the command of a ſhip the next trip. A year, however, I weathered my ſituation; but at the end of that time, my uncle dying, his rapacious widow ſued me for a debt of two hundred pounds, which ſhe found my bond for in her huſband's eſcrutore, and which he had, at the time, taken ſuch ſecurity for, only, as he ſaid, to make me diligent in my buſineſs, and reſpectful to him. In litigating this affair, I diſturbed my head, neglected my practice, and made away with all I had; and, at laſt, to avoid a goal, was obliged to fly to *London*, where, notwithſtanding my knowledge and my profeſſion, and a recommendatory letter or two, I was forced to ſubſiſt, as long as I could, by the meaneſt applications, and at length my ſordid appearance expoſed me to all the diſtreſſes and

miſeries of want and poverty. I grew deſperate—at home my landlady allowed me no repoſe, and two or three other creditors joined in her perpetual clamour. You'll think it ſtrange, that in a city, ſuch as you have heard *London* is, a man of any talents could be ſo reduced; but let me tell you, if a man cannot make a reſpectable appearance, or is not bred to ſome ſervile employment, he may rot, ſtarve and die, as well there as in the moſt wild parts of *America*. Few are the humane and the charitable, and thoſe ſubject to ſo many impoſitions, as to be rendered very ſlow and cautious, and; as to the generality, they are employed in raiſing their own families and friends, and can ſpare little time, from the buſtle and hurry of their affairs, to think of the *mercies* ſo ſtrongly ſaid by our bleſſed Saviour, to be due to our fellow creatures in affliction, and which, indeed, he has made one condition of their enjoyment of future happineſs. I had now neither money, friends, food, ſcarcely raiment, and not a moment's peace; but indeed the want of the firſt included all the reſt.—A ſhip was put up at the exchange for *Maryland*, in which ſervants of any profeſſion were invited to a paſſage, upon indenting themſelves to the captain or agent for five years. I happened to ſee the bill in one of my hungry melancholy

walks—in ſhort, I obeyed the direction, and as I underſtood both phyſic and ſurgery, was ſoon engaged as a very neceſſary man, both in the paſſage and in the country; had a ſum advanced me, which ſufficed to pay all my little debts, which my principles directed me to do, rather than to indulge myſelf in any ſuperfluity; and, in ſhort, I embarked, ſailed with the firſt fair wind, and arrived in this part of the colony, whither the ſhip was bound; and there, by way of bargain and ſale, fell into Mr *Barlow*'s hands. Excuſe me, dear Miſs, his behaviour was ſo rough and boiſterous, that, for ſome time, I endured all the miſeries of ſubjection; but after he found me uſeful in curing the diſeaſes that had for ſome time infected his *Negroes*, he began to uſe me in a milder ſort, and the perpetual goodneſs of your dear mamma I ſhall never forget, nor be ever able to repay. By the time my obligation expired, I had ſo much his good graces, that he put me into a ſmall plantation, which my induſtry, in raiſing tobacco, and my exerciſe of the two profeſſions of phyſic and ſurgery, and now and then turning tutor to the neighbouring children, has enabled me to call my own, and to improve, and, ſince I am happy in the wife I have choſen, here I ſhall ſet up my [illegible] and never more think of returning to

my native country; but endeavour to do all the kind offices within my ſphere of action, and make my future peace with a *Being* that none of us lives a moment without offending. The adventures of my ſpouſe, in which you alſo intereſt yourſelves, may be related in fewer words, as I have had them from herſelf. Her father was a tradeſman at *Briſtol*; and, though a good ſort of man, failed in the world, and made his exit in the priſon there, through the mercileſs principles of revenge, of a few creditors, who yet were church goers, and every day repeated, *Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors*. Her unhappy mother broke her hears at the ſad cateſtrophe of her huſband, and poor *Molly* was left to the care of their pariſh; though ſhe had ſome relations that could well have provided for her, had they had either chriſtianity or humanity. In the hopeful ſeminary, a pariſh workhouſe, of which you can neither of you have any idea; but in ſhort, upon which, the money collected in each pariſh, would produce happineſs and frugal plenty to the miſerable, if the guttling of officers and committeemen, the embezzlement of collectors, and the extortion of the keepers, did not make miſery more wretched: I ſay in this hopeful place, ſhe paſſed the firſt years of her life, in which nothing but a

good natural underſtanding, and ſome innate principles of virtue, could have protected her from vice and debauchery. She was afterwards bound out an apprentice, to houſhold drudgery, to a devotee in the ſame city, who daily humbled herſelf at church, and returned from thence to ill-uſe and plague her family. Her treatment, by this piece of ſanctity, was ſo hard and rigorous, that ſhe could bear it no longer, and took the ſame courſe to be relieved from it, that I did to eſcape ſtarving. She arrived ſafely here, was alſo bound to Mr *Barlow*, and being ſolely under the direction of your good mother, withered her term with much leſs oppreſſion than ſervants ever feel in this colony. I ſhall make it the ſtudy of my life to recompence all her former ſufferings, and at this time—tenderly as I love her—cannot help ſhedding tears of anguiſh, over an innocent creature, who was born in diſtreſs—nurſed in poverty—educated in ſlavery—and all without any crime of her own; but merely from the misfortunes of her parents—but all theſe things prove a future ſtate—where matters will be made even—*where the wicked ceaſe from troubling, and the weary be at reſt.* Had it not been for that ſweet, ſupporting hope, the extremity of deſpair, in which I have often been involv-

ed, would have tempted me to lay violent hands upon myſelf; for,

—Who would bear the whips and ſcorns of times,
Th' oppreſſor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes?
When as himſelf might his quietus *make,*
With a bare bodkin. Who would fardals bear,
To ſweat and groan under a weary life;
But, that the dread (as well as hope) *of ſomething after death,*

* * * * *

—Puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear thoſe ills we have,
Than fly to others (or, forfeit that good) *that we know not of.*

And thus, my dear *Tommy*, you have had our diſaſtrous ſtory; but if I can at all read the deſtiny of perſons, from their ways of acting and thinking, for all others are pretending and fallacious, for your, are reſerved, by heaven, happier and ſmoother hours, and uninterrupted content: it is true, you have been hitherto unhappy in the want of knowing your parents; but except that, and the ſourneſs of Mr *Barlow*, which is his natural diſpoſition, you have met in his

and daughter, all that can make you amends for theſe misfortunes, and in me and Mrs *Fergu∫on* and Mr *Gordon*, friends that love and eſteem your opening worth. As to the ſtory of your being brought to *Maryland*, your good mother has ever enjoined ſecrecy to us both, no doubt for juſt reaſons, and to her we muſt therefore refer you for it: mean-time, I ſhall not diſguiſe my ſentiments; but tell you, that I think you were born free, and are free; but that, in reſpect to your worthy mother and ſiſter, here, you ought not yet to aſſert that freedom, as it would produce much diſturbance in their family. Here he ceaſed, and from the tender, ſympathizing hearts of his young auditors, redoubled ſighs proceeded, and tears trickled from their mournful eyes. In this attitude, Mrs *Barlow*, who had taken a ride over on purpoſe to ſee her friends, as ſhe ſtiled them, and her little folks, found them at her entrance, and was quite ſtruck at the ſight; but Mr *Fergu∫on* ſoon relieved her aſtoniſhment, by telling her his pupils had made him relate the diſaſtrous fortune of himſelf and his wife, their ſenſibility of which had caſt them into ſuch diſorder. I'm glad of it, cryed the excellent woman; ſhedding tears for others woes, betokens a goodneſs and nobleneſs of nature, that I hope my [illegible] will never be deficient in. As the

inſtant ſhe had uttered theſe words, *Fanny* and *Tom* both flung themſelves on their knees before her, and the latter ſaid, Dear, dear mamma, whom I love better than all the world—and I'm ſure I have reaſon to do ſo—pray let my ſiſter and me know how I firſt came to your houſe—how I came to be your ſlave—who, and what I am?—To be ſure I am, and ever ſhall be, your ſlave, by inclination, and my ſiſter's ſlave—but oh! tell me, madam, why my maſter does not like me, and why I wear this coat, ſo different from other children—Indeed, I'll never tell my maſter—but behave dutifully to him as long as I live. Do, mamma, *Fanny* added, do tell us, and let me know if *Tommy* is my relation or my brother, as I have been indulged to call him? Mrs *Barlow*, though quite diſconcerted at all theſe cloſe queſtions, raiſed them from their ſuppliant poſture with abundance of goodneſs; and, after ſome pauſe, occaſioned by her dread leſt her huſband ſhould ever come to the knowledge of theſe circumſtances, and her fear of confiding a ſecret of ſuch a nature to ſo young perſons, at laſt reſolved to betray it to them, and leave the iſſue to providence. She then informed them how *Tom* came firſt into Mr *Barlow*'s poſſeſſion, the declaration of the villain *Williamſon*, who had never been at *Somepuxon* ſince, and ſo amazed and

thunderſtruck the poor ſenſible boy and her daughter, with the narration, that it was a long time before they came to themſelves: during this ſilence of amazement, ſhe had leiſure to ſay, As to my huſband's antipathy to you, *Tommy*, it is much harder to account for upon rational principles, or indeed upon any principles at all—you are innocent—you never offended him or any one elſe—Alas! I fear his averſion ſprings from want of humanity, and from pride, which cannot brook an intimate connection with the poor and unfortunate. On this account you muſt, in return for my tender affection—for all that I have done for you, go on to behave as you have hitherto, and I'll ſtill take care to make you amends privately, for your public mortifications, and with regard to your dreſs, conſider, that virtue and good ſenſe cannot be diſgraced by any apparel; and, on the contrary, that vice and wickedneſs receive no luſtre from outward ornaments. Perhaps ſome accident may render my huſband more tractable, and more a friend to your merits; and it is our duty to wait the happy moment, without murmuring: as to my part, I muſt ſay ſincerely, that I felt a tenderneſs for you the firſt moment I ſet my eyes on you; you have approved yourſelf worthy of it, and I now [illegible] difference in my heart between

you and your ſiſter. She concluded her ſpeech with an hundred embraces, dried up their tears, and *Tom* promiſed that he would in nothing depart from his uſual behaviour; but ah! mamma, cryed the ſenſible lad—what pain it gives me, and ever will, to think of the grief and trouble my unknown parents muſt undergo at the loſs of me—ſure it muſt break their hearts—mine is almoſt broken at the reflection—but ſure I ſhall live to puniſh that execrable villain for his baſeneſs—then recollecting himſelf, and turning to his *Fanny* and her mamma—but yet I cannot, on my own account, be angry with him, ſince he was, though a bad one, the inſtrument that made me known to you, and without that knowledge, I had far rather not exiſted. Mrs *Barlow* caſt a kind glance at theſe words, and ſqueezed his hand, with a tender preſſure; and *Fanny* replied, with a fervency that touched all preſent—and upon my word and faith, my dear *Tommy*, I would rather die than ever be forced to loſe you! Soon after the diſcourſe dropped; but left ſtrange impreſſions upon the three grown perſons, particularly Mrs *Barlow*, who, perceiving *Fanny* and her ſervant each engaged with a book, winked to *Ferguſon* and his wife to take a turn in the garden, where ſhe unfolded herſelf in the following manner. God bleſs

friends, what I have been doing all this while, I have nurſued up an affection between theſe young people, that I apprehend will ſoon loſe its innocency in love; they are arriving to an age when that paſſion generally predominates, and ſeem to like nobody but each other; with regard to myſelf, I ſhould like my *Tom* for a ſon-in-law, better than any one, and think he deſerves my daughter; but Mr *Barlow*, haughty in his riches, would commit murder if ſuch a thing were but hinted at; nay, I know he has thoughts of matching her with Col. *Carter*'s only ſon, who you know will be the richeſt man in the province, though a lad of bad principles, unlettered, and of coarſe manners; and I know too much the miſery ſhe muſt endure in ſuch a match, by my own experience. I was going to aſk your advice —but I ſee you are at a loſs what to ſay in the matter, as much as I am: in ſhort, this ſhall be my reſolve, to leave the iſſue to providence——if heaven approves and directs their union, no human power can diſſolve it; and therefore, in God's name, let it operate as it will. Perhaps you'll ſay that I am very ſuperſtitious; but truly, I know of no other way to make myſelf eaſy, and perhaps my deſire to be ſo, encourages my hopes in heaven on this occaſion. Perhaps ſome nameleſs *Tommy*, had he not been rob-

ed of his parents, was of a rank to have claimed a far better match in his own country. *Ferguſon* and his wife, who had a real affection for *Tom*, were quite frightened at the beginning of her ſpeech; but did not fail to applaud the concluſion, and ſay an hundred things to ſtrengthen her in her reſolution. They returned to the apartment they had left, with great good humour, and found *Tom* explaining a paſſage in *Locke* to his miſtreſs, with her arm gently reclined upon his ſhoulder; nor did their innocence tempt them to alter their poſture at their entrance. That night they all lay at *Ferguſon's*, and determined to ſpend a day or two after at Mr *Gordon's*, which they had the liberty to do, as Mr *Barlow* was gone over to the weſtern ſhore of *Virginia*, from whence his buſineſs would not permit him to return for near a month, ſo that theſe were like to be halcyon days with the good folks at *Senepuxon*. They were received by Mr *Gordon* with tranſport, as perſons he moſt deſired to ſee in the colony; and, after ſtaying there three or four days, Mrs *Barlow* made him go over to her houſe with her, and called upon Mr *Ferguſon* and his wife to oblige them to the ſame viſit, and, as the ſeaſon of the year gave them [illegible] inſiſted they ſhould keep her company [illegible] her huſband's return.

Tom never had enjoyed ſo felicitous a time as the preſent, he ſaw none but thoſe he loved, and that loved him—he was perpetually with his *Fanny*, and mingling in the ſweets of improving converſation; but a period was put to it, by the arrival of *Barlow*, who had ſuch extraordinary ſucceſs in the buſineſs he went about, that he returned with more good humour than ever he was known to put on, and thanked Mrs *Barlow*'s gueſts for accompanying her, kiſſed *Fanny*, and aſked for *Tom*, who had ſkulked into the kitchen at his approach. *Tom*, hearing him call, came in with a modeſt reverence. Well boy, ſays his maſter, How art? ſee here, Mr *Gordon*, this grows a proper lad, doesn't he?—I ſhall make a man of him, I fancy, by and by; but I think I ſhould give him a little learning too. *Tom* ſeeing his boots undone, went readily, and fetched the jack to pull them off. No, no, d—n it—I believe thy hands were made for ſomewhat better; but mum for that,—call one of the negroes—here—*Pompey!*—*Cæſar!*—*Iqualeh!*—bid ſome of 'em come here. *Tom* overjoyed at this unuſual goodneſs, ſoon found a proper perſon to do the office. Mrs *Barlow* and the reſt ſtared at each other with aſtoniſhment; but in ſhort it continued the whole evening, and he went with a complacency of temper, par-

ticularly towards *Tom*, that they had ever been ſtrangers to before. It was not much otherwiſe the next day, nay it continued till ſomething occured that ruffled his temper, and then he became again the brute, to all about him. In the old ſituation then, matters went for near three years more, when *Fanny*, according to the cuſtom of the country, was arrived to a marriageable age, and was really a perfect beauty, nor was there ever ſeen a handſomer youth than *Tom*, and ſo alike were they, that even the brute *Barlow* mentioned it ſometimes with wonder. *Fanny* had had a maſter from *Annapolis*, to learn her to dance; and *Tom*, by the indulgence of Mrs *Barlow*, obtained the ſame accompliſhment in the uſual way, by ſtealth; and having a great genius for muſic, Mr *Gordon*, who was excellent in that ſcience, had given him ſuch inſtructions, that he played upon the violin and *German* flute to admiration, and the worthy clergyman had made him a preſent of the latter inſtrument, and ſeveral compoſitions of the beſt maſters, with which he often entertained his mother and *Fanny*, and beguiled the tedious hours with ſofteſt melody. The kindneſs of his behaviour to the ſervants, his humanity and conſideration of the *Negroes*, and their families, gained him all their loves; and, in ſhort, he and his *Fanny* were become

ſings not only to their own, but all the ſurrounding plantations. As no body loved *Barlow*, but every body feared him, he was ſtill quite ignorant of *Tom*'s improvements and importance; and though all that approached the houſe were uſed to ſee him treated as a ſon, in his abſence, yet Mrs *Barlow*, and her daughter, as well as he, were ſo much eſteemed, and did ſo much good to all about them, that no body had the temptation either of ill-nature, envy, or malice, hitherto, to betray their ſecret. But this calm was not to laſt long, and a ſtorm ſucceeded, that involved them all in the greateſt diſtreſs. Mr *Barlow* came home one evening, and, with his uſual peremptorineſs, told his wife and his daughter, that the next day he had appointed young Mr *Carter* to pay a viſit to *Fanny*; and that the Colonel, his father, and he, had agreed upon a match between them. They were thunder-ſtruck with this intelligence, and Mrs *Barlow* recovering herſelf replied—agreed upon a match, Sir, before you know whether your daughter likes him or no?—Is that dealing like a father, in an affair whereon all her future weal or woe depends?—Hold your nonſenſical prating—Isn't he the richeſt heir in *Maryland*?—is not *Frank* [illegible] fortune hereabouts?—Are [illegible] age? and am not I her [illegible]

and can do with her as I pleaſe?—A fine thing truly! that a puling modeſt girl muſt by conſulted, if ſhe likes a man or no—no, no, child—marry firſt, and he'll put love into her afterwards, I warrant him. In ſuch a ſtrain the brute ran on; and upon his wife's reaſoning with him further, flung out of the room, with curſes and oaths, that he would be obeyed, without reply in what concerned his own property. *Tom* ſoon after entered the apartment, and beheld a ſcene he had never been witneſs to before, at which he was ſtruck quite ſpeechleſs; but *Fanny* ſoon let him know the dreadful ſentence, as ſoon as ſhe could command her voice, which was interrupted by the interjection of ſobs and tears. Had lightning tranſfixed him—had inſtant death preſented itſelf before his eyes, he could not have expreſſed more diſmay or grief; he ſunk down upon the ſeat of the window, and was at once deprived of ſenſe and motion. It was well for all three, that *Barlow* was out of hearing; for the minute he left the room, he walked down to the *Negro* quarter near his houſe, and ſo was half a mile diſtant by this time. Mrs *Barlow* and her daughter gave a great cry, and running to him, the former chafed his temples, whilſt the other held a bottle of drops to his noſe, by the aid of which he ſoon came to himſelf, and

remembering the danger of his ſituation, and ſeeing the fright he had occaſioned, to perſons he loved ſo dearly, he, with all the ſtrength he had remaining, humbly begged pardon for his involuntary offence, adding, but oh! to part with my dear ſiſter!—to a brute that can never know her worth, is death, is worſe than death! I ſhall not long ſurvive it! Poor Mrs *Barlow*, quite diſtracted at the condition of her children, did nothing but exhort to patience and conſideration; but ſhe might have talked in vain to either, had ſhe not at length made uſe of theſe reviving expreſſions—come, perhaps means may yet be found to break off this dreaded match, which I own I never approved. Theſe words had ſo ſudden an effect, that they both fell on their knees, bleſſed her for her encouraging expreſſions, and became ſomewhat calm; and it was happy they did; for not a quarter of an hour after, the tyrant returned, but ſaid no more that night, contenting himſelf with caſting ſuch looks at his wife and daughter, as made them tremble. This was the firſt inſtant that *Tom* felt he really loved, nor was his love without return; and if he paſſed the ſleepleſs night under the utmoſt anguiſh, his [illegible] had little more repoſe. They recalled each other's tenderneſs to remembrance, the perfections, the every grace

they were poſſeſſed of, and could not bear even the moſt diſtant idea of eternal ſeparation without deſpair: but, in his ſituation what could he oppoſe to the will of a father? —how could he even dare to hope any thing in his own favour?—a foundling—a wanderer—a wretch—a purchaſed ſlave! Ah miſerable that I am, he cry'd—no body owns me—I am an alien and a ſtranger every where; and, except from the excellent miſtreſs of this houſe, her lovely daughter, and two or three more good people, never could boaſt the leaſt protection or care—nay, all the learning and knowledge I have acquired —is it not the ſource of pity—of charity—to an expoſed and deſerted orphan! To me —*relations dear, and all the charities, of father, ſon, and brother*, have been, alas! unknown——but I will meet my fate like a man—and though, till this moment, ſuch audacious thoughts never entered this breaſt —yet will I own to this delightful fair—this charmer of my ſoul—that I love her—that I ſhall die—and die for her!—yes, to-morrow's dawn ſhall ſee me at her feet—there to vent my paſſion and my deſpair!—In this manner he raved, till the early cock proclaimed the day with his ſkrill note. When he aroſe, but had hardly ſtrength enough to dreſs himſelf, his body had been ſo wearied by the tumultuous perturbations

mind. As to poor *Fanny*, the return of light found her in a high fever, with very dangerous ſymptoms, which filled her mother with ſevere apprehenſions, inſomuch that ſhe threw herſelf at her huſband's feet, and begged him, if he would not be the murderer of his only child, not to precipitate the marriage, and to poſtpone the viſit for ſome days, till ſhe could be prepared, by her arguments, to yield to his will. Well, well, he replied, ſurlily, he ſhan't come to day—I'm going over to the Colonel's, and will ſtop the viſit—but, by G-d! will ſhe, or nill ſhe—a very little time ſhall terminate the buſineſs; and therefore I command you to diſcharge your duty, by endeavouring to bring her to compliance. D—n it, a fine thing truly—the minute a girl is talked to about lying with a luſty young fellow, ſhe muſt fall ill upon it—well, well, he'll cure her I warrant him. Much more ſuch ſtuff proceeded from his ungenerous mouth; and after breakfaſt, he took horſe, and gallop'd away, without bidding his daughter adieu. Mrs *Barlow* went to *Fanny* with the reprieve ſhe had obtained; but however, ſhe was too weak to quit her chamber all that day, and when poor [illegible] entered it, he looked like a walking [illegible], he was ſo altered. Tears were [illegible] both ſides, and Mrs *Barlow* joined

them with her's; but told them their extreme ſenſibility of parting with each other, would render every prudential method ſhe could make uſe of, in their favour, abortive; conjured them to give truce to their griefs, to endeavour not to be caſt down, and ſaid, that ſhe believed the young oaf, who was propoſed for her huſband, knew nothing yet of the matter, and was ſo inſenſible a clod, that he would not purſue the matter with any vigour, it being merely a ſcheme of the two fathers; and that therefore they had the greateſt reaſon immaginable to be eaſy; that ſhe had put off the viſit for that day, and doubted not of doing it for a longer time; and that it was proper to diſſemble their chagrin the more effectually to counteract the deſign. By theſe, and other arguments, which, however, ſhe knew had little foundation, ſhe ſo far conſoled them, that a ſudden alteration enſued, *Tom* put on again his chearful looks, Miſs made ſhift to get up, and they ſpent the remainder of the day in her apartment. At dinner, the next day; for [illegible] was not yet returned, they came down into the dinning-room, and after that was over, *Tom*, whoſe mind was bent upon a diſcloſure of his paſſion, deſired [illegible] take a walk with *Fanny*, into the [illegible] ing pine grove, to which Mrs [illegible] conſenting, they departed, hand in hand,

the way fondly gazing on each other. After he had led her to the moſt retired part of the grove, where a ſeat was erected for the convenience of ſitting in a ſummer's evening, they ſat down, and, for ſome time, looked wiſhfully at each other, without being able to ſpeak: at length *Tom* flung himſelf on his knees before her, and claſping her hand in his, whilſt the tears trickled down his cheeks, ſaid, Oh! my dear *Fanny!* my adorable ſiſter! pardon my preſumption, which the immediate danger of loſing you, for ever, has occaſioned. Innocently, hitherto, we have loved each other; but ah! I now feel all that the fondeſt paſſion can create within this wretched boſom! Forgive a wretch, a forlorn ſlave, for telling you this—but, before theſe eyes are cloſed for ever, as ſhortly they muſt be—if you are torn from me—I muſt let you know all the power of your charms. With humble reverence, I love you as the ſupreme arbitreſs of my deſtiny—to make you happy—to form your bliſs, would be ever my end and aim—no ſordid view of mine, has the leaſt mixture with my hopes—were you married to a man you loved—that knew your value, and would conſult your felicity—I had only imagined—nor dared this declaration—but to ſee you ſacrificed to a wretch, who [illegible] barely the image of a man—but while

mind is all low and mean—and ſo far from being fitted for the refined enjoyments of love and friendſhip, that he is not even an eligible acquaintance—to ſee this, to behold all thoſe various beauties, thoſe reſplendent graces, in the poſſeſſion of a wretch, who ſhall embrace them in common with the loathſome ſlaves he is maſter of—is horror and diſtraction!—And yet, what can I propoſe—all friendleſs and deſtitute as I am—by deſiring you to crown my faithful love, with the return of your's—nothing but mutual miſery; but ah! lovely charmer of my heart, tell me if you count me worthy of your affection?—if you do, I ſhall die in peace—for death too ſure will terminate my unfortunate, but brief date of life. Every word that this excellent youth uttered, ſtruck the amiable *Fanny* to the heart—they had lived together from their infancy—ſhe had never ſeen a more accompliſhed man—or one ſhe could ſo much eſteem—he ſpoke the language of artleſs paſſion; and ſhe, in melodious accents, made him this reply—for neither had learned, in theſe happy retreats of innocence, to diſſemble their loves or their averſions. Why, my *Tommy*, why do you make the leaſt doubt of my affection?—though, till this criſis, I never knew how much, or in what manner I loved you—ſeeming, 'till now, only the innocent

ſimple fondneſs of a ſiſter to a brother—yet, the thoughts of loſing you for ever, have ſtirred up a thouſand nameleſs longings and deſires in my boſom, that I was unacquainted had harboured there. You had no need to deſcribe the worthleſsneſs of the object that is deſigned for me; for were he one of the moſt accompliſhed youths breathing—he could never eclipſe your merit. I ſhall never be able to love but you, and if I am forced from you, death will ſoon releaſe me from my miſery. Tell me not of your condition—of your want of fortune—of your want of friends—you have all the virtue, and all the goodneſs that I deſire—and ah! were it in my power, you ſhould ſoon find every friend in my breaſt, and all the goods of life in my diſpoſal. Wretched am I, that this cruel father cannot ſee with my eyes—but muſt barter me for ſordid expectations of worldly riches, without conſidering that nothing can eaſe or cure an uneaſy mind; why was he not formed like our excellent mother—ready to promote his childrens happineſs, and not, from ignorance and caprice, to plunge them into inexpreſſible woe? Oh *Tommy*, and here ſhe held out her charming hand to raiſe him, and laid her cheek to his—believe, I'll be conſtant as death, and if my hand is forced, I will never live to ſurrender my perſon, which I

vow before God is your's, and never ſhall be any other's.

The raptured youth at this inſtant forgot all his griefs, he preſſed the ſweet creature, bluſhing like the opening roſe, in his arms, and they exchanged the chaſteſt and pureſt embraces that ever lovers witneſſed. Arm in arm they were returning towards the houſe, *Fanny*'s was circled round *Tom*'s neck, and *Tom*'s encloſed the delicate ſlender waiſt of *Fanny*.

When mortals ſeem arrived to the height of human felicity, when, as in theſe lovers, all the powers of the heart are eaſy and at reſt, ſome malign influence often conſpires to plunge them into unutterable woe. Indeed we ſhould be too happy, too gaily thoughtleſs of a better ſtate, if we could for any length of time aſcertain a continuance of mortal felicity. As ill fortune would have it, *Barlow*, the tyrant *Barlow*, was returning home that way, and they were ſo engaged in fond vows and proteſtations of conſtancy, that he had leiſure to ride cloſe behind them for ſome moments, without being in the leaſt perceived, and overheard every word they ſaid. Contrary to his uſual impetuous cuſtom, he ſtifled his rage for ſome moments, though all the devil was

uppermoſt in his heart; but hearing at length the innocent *Fanny* ſay, Oh *Tommy*, how happy ſhould I be if my father would conſent to an union between us, I ſhould not envy —his patience was quite exhauſted, and juſt as his daughter, hearing a ruſtling of the leaves under his horſe's feet, turned her head, and ſaw his dreadful form, at which ſhe gave a piercing ſhriek, and fell down ſenſeleſs before him; he clubed his whip, and aimed ſo ſure a blow at *Tom*'s head, that he fell proſtrate by his miſtreſs, weltering in his blood. Here was a ſight that one would have imagined might have given pauſe even to a diabolical fury; but the wretch not yet ſatisfied, nor regarding the condition of his daughter, beſtriding the poor youth, repeated his blows, on his back, breaſt and ſides, till wearineſs obliged him to give truce to his fury.

Oh! thou heavenly, thou amiable gueſt, by what name ſhall I call thee? Thou, who inſpireſt us with patience, forbearance, loving-kindneſs and tenderneſs, towards one another? *Humanity*, and *compaſſion*, are epithets that beſpeak not enough thy worth, or importance! Of celeſtial original art thou, of immortal lineage—known by the endearing titles of RELIGION, of CHRISTIANITY. You it is that have refined and ennobled our na-

ture, that have corrected our brutal part, that have taught us *to do as we would be done by*, and cleared away thoſe ſeeds of wicked implacability, that natively dwell about us! Behold the various ſavage nations that have yet not known thy inſpiring influence! What ſhocking barbarity attend their wars, what cruel inhumanity even their civil inſtitutions! Let us here pronounce, that the man who is not conſcious of you, is unfit, altogether unfit for, and deſtructive to human ſociety.

When he had a little recovered himſelf, he mounted his horſe, and took up his daughter, ſtill inſenſible, before him, by mere ſtrength of arm, and galloped homewards, curſing and ſwearing, and ſtill breathing out threats of further vengeance upon poor *Tom*. Well it was for *Fanny*, that ſhe did not ſee him in that condition; that ſight, without further violence, would have been ſufficient to have winged her ſoul to a kinder, better parent. When he arrived home, his entrance was proclaimed by repeated execrations, and poor Mrs *Barlow* running to ſee what was the matter, was one of the firſt that perceived his inflamed countenance, and her daughter before him, by the jolting of the horſe now juſt capable to open her dying eyes. She immediately gueſſed the

reſt, and, but for Mr *Gordon*, who happened providentially to be juſt come in, had fallen upon the floor, with grief, terror, and apprehenſion. The good clergyman having ſeated her, and advancing, before any of the ſervants, who ſeeing the condition of their maſter, ſtood aloof full of dread, and fearing to approach him, received the young lady in his arms, and ſaid, for God's ſake, Sir, what has ſo diſcompoſed you?—have you met with any inſult?——has any body aſſaulted you? He vouchſafed no anſwer to this, but bolting into the parlour, where by this time Mrs *Barlow* had found ſtrength to crawl, flung himſelf into a chair, and related his adventure, in the following manner, by way of ſoliloquy: G-d d—n my blood——what a d---d thick-ſcull'd raſcal am I—not to have imagined the girl was fleſh and blood, and to let her be followed by a handſome fellow of ſuch years?—Now, by G—d, the ſecret's out, this was the reaſon of her d---d tears, and her feigned ſickneſs—but d--n me, I have ſilenced her paramour——I'm ſure he'll never riſe for one while——I'd rather be hang'd, by G-d, than ſee my daughter debauched by a ſcoundrel, of neither here nor there, that I have purchaſed with my money, and brought up to inveigle that hell-fir'd little b---h to her ruin. Then turning to his wife, you, ma-

dam, muſt have been acquainted with their intrigue, it could not otherwiſe have arrived to the height it has. Indeed Mrs *Barlow* had juſt ſtrength enough to reply; I never knew any thing but what was innocent between the children, if you mean my daughter and *Tommy*; and I fear your miſtaken jealouſy has cauſed you to do a deed we may all repent of! D--n the deed, he replied, but was really frightened when he thought of the condition in which he had left *Tom*, I have drubb'd him, by G-d—there he lies, in the pine barren, and there he's likely to lie, for I'll be d---d if ever he gets up himſelf. God forbid, replied Mr *Gordon*, and immediately ſallied out, followed by ſeveral of the weeping ſervants and negroes, who had overheard what their maſter ſaid; but who can deſcribe the condition of poor *Fanny*, at theſe words, ſhe fell back into a ſwoon, attended with ſuch ſtrong convulſions, that her mother could not hold her, but was obliged to call for aſſiſtance, whilſt ſhe was in little better condition herſelf; and the cruel obdurate father, cried, D--n her, let her die—it's good enough for her—a diſobedient b—h! Mean time Mr *Gordon* arrived at the ſpot, where poor *Tom* lay ſtill quite inſenſible, and, to all appearance dead, a vaſt quantity of blood having run from his wounds; but applying his hand to his mouth,

and examining his pulſe, he found there were ſtill ſome remains of life in him. Upon this he ordered the ſervants to get ſome branches of the neighbouring trees, with which they made a kind of hand-barrow to convey him to the houſe, every one ſhedding tears as they bore him, and recounting to one another his good-nature and kind-heartedneſs, and curſing their maſter for this deteſtable action, the reaſon of which they were totally ſtrangers to. At the houſe a new ſcene of confuſion preſented itſelf, upon the arrival of the corpſe, for all but the good clergyman imagined him dead. Mrs *Barlow*, for Miſs had been put to bed, raving diſtractedly upon the name of her dear *Tommy*, fainted away; and all the family wept aloud, and *Barlow* himſelf, now terribly apprehenſive of the conſequences, ordered Mr *Ferguſon* to be ſent for. Happy was it for the unfortunate youth that his kind tutor was then upon the way, and, ſoon after meeting the meſſenger, alighted, all full of ſorrow, at the gate. The inhuman maſter had withdrawn himſelf privately, and *Tom* being undreſſed, and put to bed, his wounds were ſearched, which proved to be one large fracture on the hind part of the head, and near twenty contuſions in various parts of his body. Every one was amazed at the inveteracy with which he muſt have

been ſtruck, and Mr *Gordon* ſolemnly ſwore, that if he did otherwiſe than well, he would never leave the country, till he ſaw his murderer hanged. In ſome time, however, after proper preparations were uſed, he came ſo far to himſelf as juſt to open his eyes, for an inſtant, and cloſe them again with a deep ſigh, to the joy of all preſent. This a little revived poor Mrs *Barlow*, who flew to her dear daughter with the tidings of his being alive, (and a little further ſhe went, in policy) likely to do well. This amiable creature ſoon ſhewed the effects of ſuch glad tidings, by a return of the colour into her pallid cheeks, and a perfect reſtoration of her ſenſes, ſo as to be able to tell her mamma how every thing had happened; at which ſhe appeared inconſolable, as this unlucky accident had defeated every ſcheme ſhe could poſſibly invent, to break off or procraſtinate the threatened match. She was bled by way of precaution, her ſpirits being in ſuch agitation as to threaten a violent fever, and *Tom* was left in a fine doſe, Mr *Ferguſon*, after dreſſing him, having aſſured every body that none of his hurts were mortal, though another blow upon the pit of the ſtomach, where he had received ſeveral, would have decided his fate. The two gentlemen, and the kind lady of the houſe, now met together, began to conſult in what

manner to behave; Mr *Gordon*, who was independent of Mr *Barlow*, was for immediately getting a warrant to ſecure him, and told his wife, that in ſuch caſe ſhe ought to publiſh what her huſband had ſaid as to *Williamſon*'s villainy, that the youth might be ſet free by due courſe of law, and no more be ſubject to ſuch tyranny, nor go conſtantly in danger of his life. This was indeed a very nice point, it was ſomewhat like a wife's betraying the ſecrets of her huſband, and perhaps it was making her own life eternally miſerable; beſides, as *Barlow* was known to be a man who ſtuck at nothing, it was not doubted, in that caſe, but he would take ſome private opportunity to deſtroy him. Upon the whole then, it was judged moſt adviſeable, that Mr *Gordon* ſhould ſearch him out, repreſent *Tom* as in imminent danger of his life; by keeping up his fears, keep him from home till his recovery, and at the ſame time endeavour to purchaſe him of his maſter for the ſum he had given for him; which it was not doubted, his avaritious temper would jump at, as he was likely, if he recovered, to be a cripple all the days of his life; and indeed there was ſuch a danger, which, however he was to exaggerate with all the art he could. This was a very good and feaſible ſcheme; but was accidentally diſappointed, for *Bar-*

low having taken ſhelter at Colonel *Carter*'s, who was a man of juſt his own ſtamp, and not knowing of *Ferguſon*'s arrival, diſpatched over the Colonel's ſurgeon to inſpect the wounds, who arriving juſt at the cloſe of their conſultation, inſiſted upon viewing the patient; to deny his requeſt would have looked oddly, and therefore they were forced to acquieſce, and the creature they had ſent, though a ſkilful ſurgeon, being as great a brute as themſelves, turned about with this ſentence: Piſh—here's no murder ——nothing but a ſlight fracture and two or three contuſions—his greateſt malady is loſs of blood; and, with theſe tidings, haſted back to his employers, by which he relieved *Barlow*'s fears, and ſent him home full as much a devil as he was when he fled away. In vain his ſpouſe, Mr *Gordon*, and Mr *Ferguſon* endeavoured to diſplay to him the enormity of his crime—he ſwore he had provocation ſufficient—that he would do as he pleaſed with his own daughter and his own ſlave; and that one ſhould ſpeedily marry to pleaſe him, and the other as ſoon as he was able, ſhould be ſent to one of his back plantations, and kept to drudgery the remainder of his life. The good clergyman, quite aſtoniſhed at the deviliſh frame of his mind, took his leave with theſe expreſſions. Ungenerous, barbarous man!

ſome dreadful judgment will follow ſuch brutal proceedings! you are an accountable creature, as well as the loweſt perſon in being, and there is a juſt God that will put a period to your crimes! Of this you may too late be convinced—though you now make a jeſt of it. But remember another thing, and tremble—we have laws—and, thank God, righteous magiſtrates—I'll be a ſpy upon all your actions, and if that innocent boy ſuffers in life or limb, by your cruelty—hear me, Sir, your great riches ſhall not protect you from condign puniſhment, if I am forced to ſell the gown from off my back.——I declare I'll never again enter the doors of ſuch a miſcreant, ſuch a devil in human ſhape. So ſaying, without further ceremony, he bowed to Mrs *Barlow* and Mr *Ferguſon*, and mounting his horſe, rode away, leaving the wretch ſpeechleſs, with mingled rage and terror, and the two others, charmed with his reſolution; but chagrined at the latter part of it, which was a kind of ſentence of baniſhment from Mrs *Barlow* and the two lovers. *Fanny* at length recovered, and *Tom*, by the care of Mr *Ferguſon*, likewiſe, got well without the leaſt remain of his hurts, to the joy of every one. And now the tyrant, who had inly growled over his projects, and during all this while, had ſcarce ever afforded even his

wife a word or a good look, began to execute them, and firſt he introduced young *Carter* to his daughter, charging her to receive him, as her future huſband; but ſhe reſolved upon a conduct that nothing could make her alter, after trying the force of reaſon to diſſuade him from his attempt, in vain; for it was a creature that no reaſon could operate upon, ſhe kept an obſtinate ſilence, nor would afford him the leaſt look or anſwer to any impertinence he uttered; minding her work or her book without being moved, either with his entreaties or his grimaces. As to *Tom*, who was deſtined to pay for all his mortifications, he forbid him ever to enter the room where ſhe was, and kept ſo ſtrict watch himſelf, that it was impoſſible for him to ſee the darling of his ſoul, nor did Mrs *Barlow* herſelf dare to parley with him; and, at laſt, urged thereto by the *Carters*, one morning riſing before the reſt of the family, they forcibly put him on an horſe, and carried him round-about ways, through the woods, to a plantation at the back of the country, near forty miles diſtant, where, when they alighted, *Barlow* harrangued him in this manner. Now, dog, if you ſtir from this ſpot without my orders, I'll chop you into pieces, here are twenty negroes, beſides women and children, whom I deliver to your

care as their overſeer; a poſt you do not, by the way, deſerve to be exalted to. But, in conſideration that I have once given you your deſerts a little too ſeverely, I am thus gracious to you; and, mind what I ſay, I ſhall call every fortnight to ſee the improvements made, and what work is done, and every deficiency ſhall be had out of your hide with a good cow-ſkin; mind me, by theſe hands, which you have already felt the weight of. That fellow, pointing to a white ſervant, will teach you your duty, and is to be ſubject to your directions, when you have learned your buſineſs. *Tom* was preparing a reply, but, with a laugh of deriſion from both, they rode away, *Carter* halloing out—I think we have him now,—the devil's in't if he has any ſtomach left for love. With a generous look of contempt he ſurveyed their parting ſteps—and turning to the white man, who, by the way, was principally left there as a ſpy, he aſked him in the ſweeteſt and moſt engaging manner, what his name was? My name, Sir, he replied, is *Duncan Murray*. Well, Mr *Murray*, I hope we ſhall live happily together, and do our duty. He then examined all the little cottages upon the premiſes, choſe one for himſelf, and in a few days apprehended what he had to do ſo well, as raiſed the admiration of his inſtructor. By his

ſweet treatment of the *Negroes*, he gained their good-will, and ſhewed that kindneſs and clemency to thoſe miſerable creatures will make them more ſerviceable than cruelty and brutality; for, in the firſt fortnight, he had more tobacco hoed and houſed, and more work of every ſort completed, than was ever ſeen upon that plantation before. In ſhort, when *Barlow* rode over at the appointed time, he was amazed, and ſeeing *Murray* firſt, at his entrance into the grounds, and looking round him, ſaid, What, have you had the devil here?——d--n me, you are all cleared in, I ſee. *Murray*, who was no bad man at the bottom, replied, Why, truly, Sir, if you have ſuch an overſeer at every plantation as you have here, you'll ſoon be richer than all the planters in *Maryland*, and yet all is done mildly, nor has a blow been ſtruck ſince his arrival. Well done, by G-d, then I have brought him into his proper element, I ſee--Call him to me—*Tom* ſoon came with an open carriage, and at his order gave him a verbal account of all his tranſactions; at the cloſe of which he could not help ſaying, well, well—by G-d this is not amiſs—go on as you've begun, and perhaps I may become your friend. Then, after viſiting every place, he rode away on his return. By this mildneſs in his carriage, *Tom*'s ſpirits were raiſed; for though

he dared not enquire, and could ſee nobody to tell him, he gathered thence that his dear mother and his *Fanny* were well: then again he feared ſhe had been forced to marry, which thought racked his boſom with cruel violence, and drew floods of tears from his eyes. Often would he reap encouragement to his labour, by ſaying to himſelf, let me not think of this barbarian—let me only tell myſelf it is the father of my *Fanny*, and that all the pains I take is for the advancement of her fortune. Thus he would often conſole himſelf, and would retire to the ſhadieſt and moſt private retreats of the woods to vent his love and his grief. His flute, which by good chance, happened to be in his pocket when he was taken away, was his only companion, and the groves around, echoed to ſofteſt, ſaddeſt melody. *Murray*, inſtead of being his ſpy, inſenſibly conceived a love for him, and became the partaker of his ſorrows; and, ſtruck with the ſuperiority of his talents and conceptions, even deſcended to perform for him the ſervileſt offices. His genius being very poetical, he frequently vented his plaints in ſong; and the following, as a ſpecimen, is preſerved to my readers, who muſt note, that he takes his images from the country where he then mourned his abſent fair.

THE AMERICAN SONG.

TUNE.—Sweet are the charms of her I love.

I.

WERE is my fair, ah tell me where?
Where does my charming Fanny *ſtray?*
Oh! were I ſwift as yonder deer,
At her lov'd feet I'd inſtant lay;
But abſent—wretched fate is mine,
Alas! in anxious grief I pine.

II.

The gay * Savannah *chears the eye,*
All blooming, rich with various ſweets;
Romantic views the woods ſupply,
Each purling ſtream the proſpect greets;
But taſteleſs all the beauteous ſcene,
Each tint that paints the vivid green.

III.

More pleaſing far the turtle's note,
That plaintive, wails his abſent mate;
Or Philomela's warbling throat,
Lamenting her unhappy fate;
Delightful pair! ye ſooth my woe,
And aid the tears that conſtant flow!

* Open meadow land.

IV.

Ye * Mock *birds ceaſe your numerous ſong,*
Nor mimic chaunt amidſt the grove;
Tir'd of your lays, the whole day long,
To ſadder ſounds the wretched rove:
When night has ſpread its veil around,
I court the † Bull-frogs *croaking ſound.*

V.

Abandon'd, hapleſs, and forlorn,
Oh! heavens behold th' ill fated youth!
Struggling with ills, as ſoon as born,
A martyr now to love and truth:
But hear, oh! hear a wretch's prayer!
Protect me from that fiend deſpair!

VI.

But oh! I rave—for Fanny's *chains,*
With gladſome, willing mind I bear,
All o'er my ſoul—my heart, ſhe reigns,
Search every vein, you'll find her there:
Fanny, *more* ſweet *than every flower,*
Reviving more, than cooling ſhower.

VII.

Oh! could I call the fair one mine!
Around her claſp theſe circling arms!

* Birds that imitate the ſong of all others.

† [illegible] that haunts the marſhes, remarkable [illegible] melancholy noiſe.

On her dear breaſt this head recline,
And feaſt on all her killing charms!
Chas'd far, would be each pain, each care,
From this ſad mind, nor torment there.

VIII.

Delightful thought!—but diſtant far,
Illuſive, ſee my hopes expire,
Twinkling remote like yonder ſtar,
Or glimmering like that cabin fire,
E'en faintly now they met my eye,
Now loſt—like miſty vapours fly.

IX.

Protect her, oh! ye powers above!
That guard the innocent from wrong.
Protect my joy! my life! my love!
Inſpirer—burden of my ſong!
Alone let me, unhappy youth,
A martyr bleed to love and truth!

Thus poor *Tom* vented his amorous complaints, nor was his *Fanny* more at reſt; wild and diſtracted to know what was become of him, but denied intelligence by her monſter of a father, ſhe once more got rid of the odious ſollicitations of *Carter*, by the attacks of a fever, ſo much the more to be dreaded, as it prey'd upon [illegible] with dreadful violence. Mrs [illegible] neither get from her huſband the

his diſpoſal, nor a promiſe to break off the deſigned alliance, and, by the intolerable vexation and grief it occaſioned her, became like a walking ſhadow. *Barlow* hugged himſelf in what he had done—called it a triumph over canting, nonſenſe, and love; and, though the ſtory ſpread about by Mr *Gordon*'s means, and he began to be ſhunned by all his ſober neighbours, he yet perſiſted to carry on his project. Thus three months rolled away, and though *Fanny* again recovered, yet her ſtrength was ſo viſibly impaired, that it was apprehended a conſumption would ſucceed; when one day Mr *Ferguſon*, who, with his wife, took an intimate ſhare in their calamity, making many painful reſearches after *Tom*'s place of confinement, at length recollected, that *Barlow*, ſince he left him, had purchaſed this diſtant plantation, which he reſolved immediately to explore, and accordingly ſetting out early, one day in the morning, the ſucceeding one at noon, after much wandering, made a ſhift to find it, though deep in the boſom of a very obſcure wood. But before he reached it, his ears became his directors; for *Tom*, it being the heat of the day, was ſitting under the ſhade of a [illegible] and tuning his flute to the ſaddeſt [illegible] could remember. The good man's [illegible] jumped for joy, when he heard the

inſtrument, knowing it was modulated by his pupil's maſterly hand, and ſoon came near enough to diſtinguiſh his perſon, and, in alighting from his beaſt, made a ruſtling that reached the ears of our lover, who caſting abroad his eyes, perceived it was indeed his worthy tutor. A ſhip-wreck'd mariner, with more delightful ſurprize, after having been thrown on one ſhore of a deſolate iſland, believing all his crew to be loſt, could not have ſurveyed an old meſs-mate advancing towards him, that had eſcaped by another, than *Tom* expreſſed at the ſight of this good man. The tears filled his eyes, and, running with all the ſpeed he was maſter of, before he could ſpeak a word, claſped him about the neck, being able only to ſay oh! my ſaviour—my mother—*Fanny*—Mrs *Ferguſon*, are they alive! Indeed, his maſter was ſo much affected himſelf, that he could not anſwer him for a long time; but embraced him ſtrenuouſly, with more than common affection. Perhaps at all times the tongue cannot expreſs our ſenſations—no—words are far too faint on certain occaſions—the dumb ſhew of ſincerity have ſomewhat infinitely more ſtriking and cordial. However, at length their tongues were looſe, when being the exile, Mr *Ferguſon* firſt gratified all his enquiries. The generous youthful youth, wept inceſſantly at the

dition of his *Fanny* and his mother, and even wished he had not been born to be the cauſe of ſuch diſturbance to them; then again, ran out into ſuch raptures on the young lady's conſtancy and tenderneſs towards him, and that of Mrs *Barlow*, that his friend thought him inſpired with more than mortal eloquence. The friendſhip of Mr *Gordon*, of Mrs *Fergusſon*, and of his viſitor, next employed his tongue, and he went on till he was quite tired and jaded, before *Fergusſon* could put in a word. His looks emphatically continued the reſt—he ſurveyed him from head to heel, with ardent love and gratitude, and ſeemed wildly to doubt if what he viewed was real, or only an illuſive ſhadow: he at laſt let him know the manner of his being conveyed away, his maſter's viſits and ſurly approbation of his proceedings, his melancholy and dejected ſtate of life, and the conſtant anxiety he had been under about his deareſt *Fanny* and her friends; but my dear preſerver, he continued, my impatience has rendered me forgetful that you muſt needs want refreſhment—come, let me lead you to my homely cot, the ſeat of ſo much perpetual miſery, and, calling a ready *Negro* to take the horſe, conducted him a near way to his quarters, and *Murray* being there, who was become his ſincere friend, cried, ſee, meſs-mate, pro-

vidence has ſent me a gueſt to whom I owe every thing—to whom I owe my life! With the ſame vivacious gratitude, the table was covered with their coarſe proviſions, conſiſting of the remains of a piece of ſalt beef, with the leg of a curlieu which *Tom* had ſhot the day before, and a deſert of wild grapes and *parſimons* *. As to liquor, a *calabaſh* of water ſupplied them, and Mr *Ferguſon* proteſted he had not eaten an heartier meal for a long time. He ſtaid with them a whole day longer, and would have continued longer ſtill, but that the time of *Barlow*'s viſit was approaching. Within ſome hours of their parting, *Tom* ſaid, with a melancholy air——I muſt loſe you then, dear ſir—and ah! I have neither paper, pens, nor ink, to ſend my compliments to my protectors, I am deſtitute of every comfort of that ſort. I ſhould long ago, indeed, have ventured to eſcape from this baniſhment, but the idea of ſome time or another hearing from my *Fanny*, and the thought that if I ran away, I ſhould ſtill be at a greater diſtance from her, deterred me. No, my dear child, *Ferguſon* replied, rely upon providence, and don't leave us, as your only pain now, is want of the ſight of your friends; ſome kind chance may reſtore you to us, and eaſe your torments, without ex-

* Wild medlars.

curring to ſuch deſperate meaſures; and now we know where you are, and the times of your maſter's coming, depend upon it our viſits will be frequent, as the diſtance will permit them. I had, you muſt know, ſome forebodings that I ſhould find you, and, as I imagined you quite deſtitute of entertainment, for I did not think you had got even ſo much as your flute, I brought a quire of paper, ſome pens and ſome ink, in my bags, and this pocket *Horace* with me, to alleviate and brighten ſome of your ſolitary hours; I ſhould alſo have brought you my pocket *bible*, but really forgot. Never was joyful gratitude like *Tom*'s at hearing this, he fell upon his knees, and thanked God aloud—he embraced his good friend, and cried, Were I Emperor of the *Indies*, I ſhould never be able to return ſuch great, ſuch unmerited goodneſs; but, if an heart replete with acknowledgment could ſpeak, it would tell more than my tongue can utter; but now, dear, dear Sir, will you be ſo kind to let me commit a few lines to each of my friends, to your hands. To be ſure, my child—and whilſt you are writing, I'll take a view of the plantation with Mr *Murray*; for I think it is as beautiful an one as ever I ſurveyed. Indeed, Sir, he returned, 'tis a charming ſpot; but all its delights are thrown away upon a perſon that has quite

loſt a reliſh for pleaſure. The bags being brought, and the implements delivered to him, he ſat down, and wrote a moſt dutiful and affectionate letter to Mrs *Barlow*, and others full of acknowledgment to Mr *Gordon* and Mrs *Ferguſon*, in which he deſcribed his ſituation and his grief and diſtreſs of mind, at being ſo remote from them. Laſt of all, he wrote a letter to his *Fanny*, which was conceived in the following terms.

Charmer of my heart,

'Oh what inexpreſſible joy I experience, 'in this kind, this long'd-for opportunity, 'now providentially given me, of laying 'myſelf at your feet, and diſplaying all the 'gratitude with which my breaſt is replete. 'Every conſcious grove and ſtream has heard 'my mournful plaints, and every mimic 'echo has reſounded my love and deſpair. 'But can I now deſpair, when I hear ſuch 'glad tidings of your conſtancy and affec-'tion; that you are ſtill alive, and ſtill 'mine? Could my arm but obey the dic-'tates of my mind, you ſhould ſoon be freed 'from the addreſſes of my hateful rival; 'but alas! I am impotent in every thing, 'but that tranſcendent flame that warms my 'ſoul for you. Oh heavens! why [illegible] 'born to ſuch variety of ſorrows, [illegible] 'uninterrmitted misfortunes? Why [illegible]

'most lovely, the most amiable of her sex,
'deigned to meet my passion, whilst I want
'power to assert my claim? To be robbed
'of my parents, to be abused by a villain,
'to be treated with all the marks of slavery
'and subjection, are trifles, mere trifles to
'this consideration; but if there is a Being,
'as sure there is, whose good providence
'rules this world, we still shall taste the fruits
'of that bliss, our fidelity, our pure and
'holy affection merits. Mean time, my
'sweetest *Fanny*, endeavour, for the sake of
'your poor exile, to support your courage
'and preserve your health; some kind in-
'fluence may perhaps speak reason and mo-
'deration to the heart of our persecutor,
'whom I must love under all the sufferings
'he has inflicted upon me, because so near-
'ly allied to you. That dear mother! *how*
'*shall I repay the gratitude and duty that I*
'*owe her?* May heaven protect my fairest,
'dearest creature! may we at length—pre-
'sumptuous thought!—be bless'd with each
'other, and may all our woes be forgotten.
'Adieu, delight of my soul, I should write
'for ever, but Mr *Ferguson* is in haste to
'depart!

Your most tender and faithful adorer
and servant

THOMAS ——————

'Would to God I knew another name to 'add to it—but his will be done!'

Mr *Ferguſon* being now returned from his tour, *Tom* folded up his letters, and preſented them to his care, and after a mournful and tender embrace, they bid adieu to each other, the youth with ſtraining eyes purſuing his welcome gueſt, till the envious woods covered him from his view.

This was, indeed, the laſt time he was to ſee the face of any of his dear friends, for during the little ſpace he had been enjoying ſuch bliſs, his enemies were contriving a ſcheme to ſend him away far from *Maryland*, and all the longings of his breaſt. *Fanny*'s obſtinate ſilence to young *Carter*, who, if he could not love, began to luſt after her poſſeſſion, prodigiouſly chagrined both their fathers; and, as bad men are ever miſtruſtful and ſuſpicious, they not in the leaſt doubted but *Tom* and ſhe had found out ſome ſecret method of correſpondence, that tended to ſupport her in her reſolutions. This thought no ſooner entered the Colonel's head, but he propoſed to *Barlow* to ſend him out of the country. *Barlow* at firſt, conſidering the ſervice he had already been of upon his plantation, the profits whereof were encreaſed one half, and the further improve-

ments he was likely to make, was loth to lend an ear to this propoſal; but having it dinned in his ears, day after day, at length, through fear of miſſing the deſired match gave his conſent, upon condition he was reimburſed the money he coſt him. This agreement made, they next caſt about for a proper purchaſer, and as diſtant a place as poſſible, and fortunately, as they thought, one *Matthewſon*, an *Indian* trader, who had never been down that way before, came accidentally to purchaſe ſome commodities for his traffic, at the neighbouring ſtores, or warehouſes; with him, then, unſight unſeen, they ſtruck a bargain, and repreſenting *Tom*'s talents and abilities, though they knew of none but his natural ones, to the beſt advantage, *Barlow* received twenty pounds ſterling for him, which was a profit that was very grateful to his ſordid ſoul. Thus the innocent victim was made over, once more, as a ſlave, to another maſter, and all three rode down to the plantation to deliver him up to his purchaſer. The poor youth had been induſtriouſly buſy, moſt part of the day, and was then retired into his cot, with his *Horace*, and pleaſing himſelf with the fine conceptions of that elegant poet. He roſe when he ſaw his betrayers approach, met them with a ſweetneſs and condescending humility, that at firſt ſight

captivated his new maſter; to ſuch a degree that he could ſcarcely believe it was his purchaſe. *Barlow*, after praiſing him highly, told him he had thought fit to make him over to that gentleman, whom he was to ſerve for the future. This ſentence, which ſeemed to include further baniſhment from his *Fanny*, called terror to his heart and tears into his eyes; but, recovering himſelf, he ſaid—Sir, what have I done to deſerve ſo much ſeverity? or how came you by a right to diſpoſe of a man that was born free, that you came by clandeſtinely, and have kept in involuntary ſlavery ever ſince? Theſe words he uttered in the firſt anguiſh of his boſom; but on Mrs *Barlow*'s account, repented himſelf immediately afterwards, and wiſhed, ſilently, that he had not ſpoken them; but it was too late, and the brute fired at theſe truths, which he thought him totally unacquainted with, began to vomit forth a thouſand curſes, and would have ſtruck him, but that the more humane *Matthewſon* held his arm. The Colonel inforced his abuſes with his own, and young *Carter*, coming cloſe to him, gave him two or three cuts with his whip, ſaying, You dirty dog, how dare you prate ſo ſaucily?—d—n me, I'll cut you in two—but we've done for you however! If ever *Tom* indulged paſſion and fury, it was now—ſtruck

his odious brutish rival—he could not bear it, and at one spring, catching him fast by the collar with one hand, with the other sent him senseless to measure his length upon the earth, by a blow over his temples. Then turning to *Barlow*, he said, in the same instant —excuse me, Sir—if you have an authority to strike me, no body else has I'm sure. The two old ruffians remained some moments, looking at each other, as if astonished at his boldness, and then both together made towards him, with their weapons elevated, swearing they would whip him to death, but his new master stepping in, cried, Hold, hold, gentlemen! two to one are odds!—the young fellow has done as he ought to do; and if you offer to strike him—for remember he's mine now—perhaps both of us together, harkee, may be as good as you three, and snatching up an hoe, that laid beside him, prepared to make good his menace, crying at the same time to *Tom*, Hold up your head, my lad—I'm on your side! These words forced the assailants to make a pause, and relinquish their attempt; for *Matthewson* was a strong man, a rich man, and afraid of neither of them; nor do the planters care to affront the *Indian* traders, who are frequently their good customers, so [illegible] contented themselves with casting [illegible] looks at *Tom*, but seemed to count[illegible]

truce. He, being ſenſible to whom he owed this reprieve, making an handſome bow, ſaid, Sir, I am glad I am fallen into ſuch conſiderate hands, and will endeavour to ſerve you to the utmoſt. Already you have inſpired me with gratitude, which is a principle that cannot fail of making me faithful. —I am content to leave that tyrant, looking fiercely at *Barlow*, who does not underſtand how to uſe a fellow-creature: and then turning to young *Carter*, who was juſt got up, quite diſmayed, he continued, As to you, Sir, have I ever offended you? or is it your ſuperior wealth—join'd to your ſuperior pride and ignorance, that has made you ſo wantonly free of your blows? If this gentleman will permit me, I'll even now, upon this fair ſtage, convince you that you ſtruck a better man than yourſelf, and uſe you as all ſuch ſcoundrels ought to be treated. The coward ſlunk away at theſe words, and mounting his horſe, galloped off full ſpeed, to the great diverſion of *Matthewſon*, who clapping *Tom* upon the ſhoulder, told him he was a lad after his own heart! Then ordering him to get what things he had, on which occaſion he did not forget his flute, his *Horace*, or his implements of writing, he bid adieu to *Carter* and *Barlow*, who remained very moody, and was going to mount his horſe, when *Tom* came to

and addreſſed him in this manner: Sir, I ſhould reckon myſelf ſtill infinitely more oblig'd to you, if you would wait ſome minutes, till I have taken leave of a parcel of poor creatures that love me, and who have been the companions and aſſiſtants of my labour, and wiſh that gentleman, nodding to *Barlow*, may ſet a perſon over them that may uſe them with equal humanity for the future. Do child, Mr *Matthewſon* replied, quite taken with his perſon and behaviour, your time ſhall be mine. *Murray* had given notice to the *Negroes*, who, men, women, and children, flocked around their overſeer, lamenting, in their uncooth tone and broken language, that he was going to leave them: all preſſed forward to ſhake his hand, and all wept ſincerely. And afterwards, advancing to *Murray*, they embraced, and affectionately bid each other farewell, *Tom* leaving it in charge to deliver a few lines he had haſtily wrote to Mr *Ferguſon*, when he ſhould call, and they both mutually promiſing to remember each other. *Matthewſon* was quite melted at this ſcene, and *Barlow* and the Colonel ſeemed touched; but ſtrove, through pride, to conceal their approbation. And now *Tom*, having mounted upon a ſpare horſe his maſter brought with him, turning towards his two enemies, ſaid, Gentlemen, I'll leave you a piece of

advice that may be of ſervice to you—if you uſe your ſervants and dependents with kindneſs, your work will be done chearfully, and you'll gain as many friends as you purchaſe; on the contrary, you'll have as many enemies about you as there are men, who having no reaſon to the contrary, will take all opportunities to ſpoil and deſtroy you. And now Mr *Barlow*, I pray heaven to ſoften your barbarous diſpoſition, and enable you to amend your life—in which caſe, may providence, which has hitherto wonderfully protected me againſt your mean and baſe deſigns, and now, when you intended my hurt has directed me, in this gentleman, whom I am proud to call my maſter, to a friend and a patron, bleſs you with every bleſſing in life—but above all, may that excellent lady, who to me has been a mother, and her amiable daughter, be for ever happy here, and bleſſed hereafter, as their merits deſerve, and their goodneſs to the miſerable and the unfortunate; ſo ſaying, with tears in his eyes, he turned his horſe's head, and followed his maſter, who was not ſorry to be relieved from the company of two men, to whom he had taken a very great diſlike. They were within a few miles of the borders of *Virginia*, at this plantation, and ſoon entered *Northampton* county, the firſt on the eaſtern neck of that colony, and as

the line, his maſter let him know he was leaving *Maryland*, at which he could not help turning back, with the utmoſt paſſion in his geſture—crying out, Oh my deareſt *Fanny!*—I am going to leave thee for ever! then addreſſing *Matthewſon*, continued, pray Sir, excuſe me—I'll tranſgreſs no more! That gentleman was ſilent for ſome moments, and then ſaid—There is ſomewhat more in your ſtory than I am aware of—otherwiſe, how could your maſter think of parting with ſo good, ſo ſenſible a ſervant! Ah! Sir, he replied, my ſtory is a very calamitous one, and will too much affect you, or, as you have now a right to know every thing concerning me, I would give it you as we ride along. Do, child, he replied, I am all attention—look upon me as your friend. *Tom* then gave him his adventures from the time of his coming into the colony—the account *Williamſon* gave *Barlow*,—the goodneſs of Mrs *Barlow*, and the reſt of his friends—the manner of his education—the cruel treatment he received from his maſter—nor did he conceal his paſſion for *Fanny*, and the diſtreſs he feared that young lady muſt be involved in, when ſhe ſhould know of his departure. *Matthew-ſon* was a man of good ſenſe, and had a very [illegible], he had come young into the [illegible] a ſervant, after loſing all his

friends in *England*, but having had a good maſter, who had no children he left him all he had, which he converted into goods proper for the *Indian* trade, and had been ſettled in ſeveral of the *Indian* nations at the back of *Virginia*, for above twenty years, where his ſucceſs had been ſo extraordinary, that, beſides the goods in his ſeveral ſtores, and near a hundred horſes, and many ſervants and ſlaves, he had eight thouſand pounds ſterling in the hands of the merchants of *Williamſburgh* and *James Town*. He had neither wife nor children, and remembering his own deſtitute ſtate, when he came firſt into *America*, he was wonderfully affected with *Tom*'s diſtreſſes; and, every now and then, whilſt he was telling his ſtory, broke out into exclamations againſt the villains *Williamſon* and *Barlow*, and applauſes of Mrs *Barlow*, her daughter and Mr *Ferguſon* and *Gordon*. In ſhort, the young man told his tale with ſo much grace that he inſenſibly inſinuated himſelf into his affections; and when he had concluded, his maſter ſhook him kindly by the hand, and ſaid—Poor creature!—never was a more lamentable ſtory—but, however, ſet yourſelf at reſt—I'll be your father and your friend—At firſt, when I purchaſed you—I intended you for a mere ſervant—I knew nothing of you—but your talents and your integrity

entitle you to the chief poſt under me—you ſhall mannage all my affairs—without compulſion—from this moment you are free—If you can get the love of the *Indians* as I obſerve, you have that of the *Negroes*, you'll be the richeſt man ſoon in *America*—and perhaps providence may yet make you happy in the poſſeſſion of that worthy girl—you ſeem to deſerve each other.—I perceive you have no name but *Thomas*——from this time you ſhall make uſe of mine—you ſhall be called *Thomas Matthewſon*, and ſhall be the repoſitory of all my affairs and my ſecrets. There is a certain ſomewhat, in certain countenances, that prepoſſeſſes us in the favour of the wearers at firſt ſight, an openneſs, an ingenuity, and an amiableneſs, that immediately ſtrikes the beholder——ſuch was *Tom*'s, and that and the many noble inſtances he had given of his ſentiments and his fortitude, had quite captivated his maſter, ſo that he really began to look upon him as a ſon. The mingled ſtarts of joy, gratitude and love towards this generous man, which inſpired *Tom*'s breaſt, at the concluſion of this ſpeech, no words can paint—it actuated his whole perſon, it heaved his boſom—it flushed his face, and deprived him of utterance; but, flinging himſelf from his horſe and kneeling by the ſide of his maſter's, holding his ſtirrup in

his hand, at length he brought forth this return! Oh, Sir, how happy you make me —can I ever deſerve ſuch goodneſs?—I I looked upon you as my father, when you firſt interpoſed between me and *Barlow*'s fury—I loved you without knowing why—but here I vow, that if the moſt reſpectful duty——the humbleſt attendance—the exacteſt fidelity, can at all make me worthy of your favours—it ſhall be my ſtudy night and day to deſerve them—your name, Sir, —ſhall never be diſgraced—and I am as happy this moment, as if I had recovered my real parents! *Matthewſon* ſtill more and more delighted with this unexpected action, raiſed him—endeavoured to calm his overbearing ſenſations, and began to experience, in the ſociety of this youth, more happineſs than ever he had known before. At the houſes of all his friends, as he paſſed along, he introduced him as his near relation, made him his bedfellow, had a ſuit of his own clothes altered for him, trimmed with ſilver lace; and was pleaſed to obſerve that every body entertained the ſame ſentiments of him with himſelf. He let him into the manners of the ſeveral tribes of *Indians*, with whom he trafficed, introduced him to the whole knowledge of his fortune and concerns, and to the merchants and ſtore-keepers with whom he dealt; and his pupil improved ſo

faſt upon his hands, that he ſoon eaſed him of all trouble and ſollicitude. The *French Indians* beginning to be troubleſome to our back ſettlements, before they departed from *Virginia*, Mr *Matthewſon* obtained a commiſſion from the government to raiſe and command a troop of rangers, which was not only a public ſervice, but a ſecurity to his own private property, and, by his deſire, young Mr *Matthewſon*, as *Tom* was now called, was made cornet to the troop, and with this honour they ſet out for their ſtores in the *Indian* country, where they were going now to act in the double capacity of ſoldiers and merchants. In their journey, of near three hundred miles, through this beautiful, but wild and uncultivated country, he became quite expert in the methods of travelling, living, camping, and hunting, and, before he arrived at their firſt ſtation, was as compleat a woodſman as *Matthewſon* himſelf, who beheld with delight and pride his ready proficiency. At their arrival he preſented him to the *Indian* head-men and warriors, and taking him to his ſeveral ſtores, initiated him into their management, and let all his ſervants and dependants know, he was to be obeyed next to himſelf. The troop they were commiſſioned to raiſe, was compoſed of their own people, by which the captain had the

double advantage of their ſervice and the government's pay, and they were ſoon made compleat enough in their exerciſe, for the rough duty of that part of the world, conſiſting of twenty-five white men and fifteen *Negroes*, beſides their two officers. It is amazing with what facility *Tom* learned the *Creek* dialect, which is the general ſpeech for trade, throughout the ſeveral nations; and by his firmneſs, ſobriety, punctuality, and honeſty towards the natives, he was become in a little time of more importance than even his principal, and equally beloved and confided in, ſo that the reſt of the traders could make little of it in their neighbourhood, but were obliged to ſhift their quarters to a greater diſtance. Mean time he was ſo affectionately obſequious to his father, as he ſtiled him, that he could ſcarce bear him out of his ſight, and a fit of ſickneſs he was attacked with, and by which he was reduced to death's door, completed ſo thoroughly the conqueſt this young man had made of his affections, by his tender aſſiduity, his ſenſible grief, and his eaſing his mind of the burden of his affairs, that he made no ſecret after his recovery of his deſign to make him the heir of all his fortune. Thus this abandoned perſecuted boy was now as happy as his utmoſt wiſhes could reach; but ſtill a worm within deſtroyed his peace: To

the woods and wilds, he oft echoed his *Fanny*'s name, and with all this ſucceſs and good fortune, would have ſunk under the burden of abſence and deſpair, if that cordial, reviving gueſt, hope, of returning to throw himſelf at her feet, crowned with laurels, and loaded with riches, had not inſinuated its ſoft balm into his troubled ſoul. Thus four years wore away, and they had yet exerciſed their military capacity very little; but as to their trade and riches, they were improved at leaſt a third, and *Matthewſon*'s fondneſs had ſo increaſed for *Tom*, that he had made a will in his favour to bar all accidents, by which he became his ſole heir and executor, and lodged one copy, properly witneſſed, with a merchant at *Williamſburgh*, and the other he preſerved in his own cuſtody.

Notwithſtanding the peace of *Utrecht* of the year 1713, the deſigning *French* underhandly kept up their animoſity between their *Indians*, and thoſe attached to the *Engliſh*; and the former had made dreadful inroads into the territories of the allies of the latter. As they had begun to ſettle all the country at the back of us, they were willing, if poſſible, to engroſs the whole trade to themſelves, and to drive us, by degrees, intirely out of that profitable branch. If ever they

appeared themſelves, it was under the notion of auxiliaries; but they gave free leave to their traders to accompany and ſupport the *Indians* they dwelt amongſt, to ſupply them with fire-arms at the expence of their government, and drive us out of all the neutral part of the country. The *Britiſh American* governors, particularly thoſe of *Virginia* and *Carolina*, ordered our people, on their ſide, to repel force by force, ſo that though there was peace between the two crowns, a hot *Indian* war was carried on in that part of the world. But as a proviſion againſt making the quarrel national, the governments, on both ſides, withdrew their commiſſions, leaving every thing to private deciſion, but ſupplying them ſecretly with arms and ammunition.

A ſtore, that Captain *Matthewſon* had in the *Twightwee* nation, was broke open by a party of *French Indians*, two of his ſervants carried away captive to *Fort Moville*, and the inhabitants moſt of them killed, valiantly fighting, and diſputing every inch of ground. Upon this news he diſpatched *Tom* to the tribes neareſt in our alliance, who gave them the *long talk* *, and engaged them to take arms to revenge ſo notorious a trea-

* So they call their ſolemn debates on peace and war.

chery. By his inſinuating eloquence, he brought down ſeventy gun-men to his patron's reſidence, who joining them with twenty *Whites* and *Negroes*, they marched into the enemies territories, for upwards of one hundred and fifty miles, burning and deſtroying all before them. This news was no ſooner brought to *Moville*, than the governor, who was a marquis, and knight of the order of St *Louis*, went with one hundred *Indians*, and forty *French* to oppoſe them, and, after a laborious rout, came up within two days march of them on one of the branches of the *Obio*. *Matthewſon*'s ſcouts ſoon brought an account of their ſuperiority in numbers, which a little intimidated his *Indians*; but he and the young warrior repreſented ſo well the ſhame of turning their backs, that they agreed at length to ſtand battle. They took them in this humour, for the *Indians* are very fickle, and waited in a convenient ſituation, with a ſteady countenance, for the arrival of the enemy. *Tom*, who, upon this occaſion, ſhewed all the conduct and intrepidity of an old warrior, formed the right wing with 14 *Whites* and *Negroes*, and Captain *Matthewſon* with 6 *Whites*, and 15 *Indian* warriors, took poſt on the left; both parties, being entrenched up to the teeth by a ditch they had caſt up, and ſecured from view or aim

by palmettos *. The main body of *Indians* formed the center, and were ſecured by a fortification of pine trees, felled on purpoſe, and intermixed with palmettos, and at their head were poſted the *Mico Calcathouy* and his ſon *Talapache*, both renowned warriors. It was, however, near three days before they came in ſight, and during that ſpace, they finiſhed completely the diſpoſition of their little army, which was ſo ſecured, that it would be a difficult and dangerous attempt to force their poſts; and one of thoſe evenings the worthy *Matthewſon* and his adopted ſon, diſcourſing of their *Indian* auxiliaries, and particularly of the great qualities of *Calcathouy*, the former ſaid, that *Indian* had endured many ſorrows from the *French*, to whom he had behaved in former years with the humanity and generoſity even of a Chriſtian, for which he had been ungratefully rewarded; and proceeded to oblige *Tom*'s earneſt enquiries, with the following relation of ſome adventures that happened, juſt after he entered the country, and in which he had had a conſiderable ſhare.

* A ſhrub with a large, fanlike, leaf, with which in *America*, huts and cabins are covered, or thatched.

The Story of CALCATHUY *and* TALOUFA.

OF all the war captains of the upper *Creeks*, none has ſo much deſerved reputation as the renowned *Calcathouy:* he was the ſon of a *Mico*, whoſe proweſs the *French* had often mourned; who had ſcalped ſome hundreds of them and their *Indians*, at their firſt ſettling in the country; and, untameably free, had reſiſted all their flattering arts to draw him to their intereſt; his tomohawk never returning without being dyed in their blood. His ſon became early a follower of his ſteps; and, at a greener age than ever was before known, forſaking the ſociety of the women and the boys, was admitted to all the conſultations of their *beloved men*, and partook in the military atchievements of his nation. He performed the war-dance with grace and propriety, he knew all the retreats of the woods, for ſome hundred miles round, was nimble as his fellow natives the deer, was the moſt expert marksman with his gun, would transfix the ſmalleſt of the feathered race with his arrows, was practiſed in all their ſtratagems of war, in which he had uncommon ſucceſs, and, before he was twenty-five, was looked upon by the enemy as the moſt formidable

bar to their encroachments in this part of the world. Nor did he leſs excel in the milder offices of life; he was a huntſman that no prey could eſcape; the ſwift-footed buck, and the heavy buffaloe became his ready prey, and the fiſh of every lake ſeemed to croud to his ſuſpending hook; and, in debates, either relating to the improvements of peace, or the meditated ravages of war, outſtripped the wiſdom of the greyeſt old man. But what more than any thing made him loved and dreaded by the *Indians* and *French*, was that greatneſs of ſoul which he diſplayed either in proſperity or adverſity, the juſtice and honeſty of his actions, the inflexible diſpoſition he diſplayed to preſerve that jewel liberty, and the ſtrong attachment he had to the *Engliſh*, which no offers or advantages from the other ſide could ever induce him to forſake.

With theſe great and good qualities, it was not ſurpriſing that he ſhould be elected, upon the death of his father, to ſucceed him in the ſupreme magiſtracy, in civil concerns, and command, in war, with the unanimous voice of his countrymen; nor that he ſhould lead them to conqueſt and victory, or inſpire them with a contempt of death and danger in the common cauſe; ſo that they became the moſt happy and envied people,

in few years, of all the numerous nations of *North America*. It would have been unhappy if the other ſex had not afforded an object worthy the addreſſes of ſo excellent a youth; but he beheld in the amiable *Taloufa*, who was the daughter of a *head-man* of great account, all that could appear charming to the eyes of an *Indian*, nay, of an *European*; her temper was mild and gentle, her heart ſoft, and ſuſceptible of the nobleſt paſſions, her perſon beautiful, and her features quite tranſporting. Two years peace allowed him to ſigh his paſſion at her feet; for he ſcorned the ways of the *Indians*, who marry as they are bid by their parents, and would accept of *Taloufa*, upon no other condition, than that of convincing her he ſought her happineſs in his own, and that he meant to make her his companion and the friend of his heart, and not to deſtine her to that drudgery and ſervile ſubmiſſion, which he abominated, but was univerſally practiſed by the *Indian* women. Her cabin ſhone with the richeſt ſpoils of the chace, was adorned with the fineſt ſhells, culled from the ſandy beaches of many diſtant coaſts and rivers, and her neck and lovely boſom, as well as her delicate arms, were adorned with bracelets of gold and pearl, which he had purchaſed of the *Engliſh* traders. Tender aſſiduities like theſe, ſuch nobleneſs of

ſentiment, ſuch generoſity of ſoul, did not fail to incline the ear of the delightful *Talouſa* to his ſuit; and, at length, they were married, to the univerſal liking of their ſubjects, and the brave *Talapache*, now with us, and another youth, were, in due time, the iſſue of a mutual affection, which never could admit of inconſtancy or alienation. So fond was this charming ſpouſe, that ſhe even attended him in many of his warlike expeditions; at home ſoothed his cares and anxieties, and, in ſhort, no ſtory can tell of a more inſeparable, more happy pair.

In an expedition againſt the *French*, in the year 1695, fortune declared, for the firſt time, againſt *Calcathouy*, he was defeated, near fifty of his followers ſlain, himſelf made priſoner, and carried away towards *Quebec* in triumph. A young *French* nobleman, named *De Courcy*, who commanded againſt him, ſtruck with his noble and majeſtic air, the dignity of his behaviour, and the undauntedneſs of his countenance; and at the ſame time knowing the importance of ſuch an ally, if he could be gained over, refuſed to give him up to the rage of their *Indians*, who inſiſted to burn him, and when he was brought before him, ſaid, *Indian!* you are a ſlave to my fortune! —you are my priſoner!—I have granted

you life, againſt the voice of all mypeople, *French* and *Indians*, who burn to revenge the many miſchiefs you have done them: I ſhall carry you to *Quebec*, from whence, if you can perſuade your nation to an alliance with us, and become our friend yourſelf, Count *Frontiniac*, who repreſents our great Emperor *Lewis*, will, no doubt, ſpare your life, and return you, loaded with preſents, to your nation; otherwiſe you will be forced to expiate all your cruelties with your blood. This was ſpoke in *French*, and interpreted by one of their traders; but, as ſoon as *Calcathouy* heard the import of it, ſtung with a generous diſdain and contempt, he returned the following anſwer.——*Frenchman!* that I have been a formidable enemy, is all you know of *Calcathouy*; you have heard, no doubt, that far as the eagle flies around theſe nations, ſo far my conqueſts, and, high as he ſoars, my fame have extended; but *Calcathouy* is alſo to be known, as a man not to be caſt down by a reverſe of fortune, which the wiſeſt conduct cannot always prevent—as a man who has looked death too often in the face to be ſcared at his approach, though armed with torments ſevere, as the moſt fell wretch can invent;—nor can the view of any perſonal danger tempt me to break my engagements with a valued ally—the *Engliſh*—who fight, like me, in the

common cauſe of mankind, againſt their enſlavers. No—I value not your emperor or his ſubſtitute, and will ſooner ſubmit to all you can inflict, than purchaſe life at the price of loſing my honour. Long as our lofty pines extend their branches into the air—long as our lakes ſupply us with the ſcaly prey, or our ſpreading woods afford us retreat and food—our nation will be your enemy;—and were I once again free—I would pour deſolation upon your fields, and deſtruction upon your heads. Know *Frenchman*, that an *Indian*, who in proſperity could refuſe your offers, ſcorns to be biaſſed or directed by the ſevereſt ſtroke adverſity can inflict. At this concluſion, of a ſpeech that made all the hearers tremble, *De Courcy* turned pale, and without reply, ordered him to be bound, and immediately ſet forward on his return to *Quebec*, committing him to the cuſtody of a choſen guard of *French*, who marched in the front, as well to ſecure ſo important a priſoner, as to prevent the *Indians* of his party from killing him in the rout. *Gr[illegible]bury* ſuffered every indignity with patience, kept ſilence with a ſurly ſullenneſs, employing all his thoughts, however improbable, upon the means of an eſcape, and now and then ſent a deep ſigh after his beloved *Talouſa*, and his family. The perſon who commanded this party, was

a young gentleman of the name of *Marſillac*, and a knight of the *Holy Ghoſt*; he appeared charmed with *Calcathouy*, and behaved ſo aſſiduouſly, to gain his good opinion, that the gloomy chief was ſoftened, and they became friends, by the *Indian* ceremony of exchanging a preſent; and the chevalier even looſened him from the bands that faſtened his arms, and he was ſo far at liberty. It happened, that after ten days march, a party of the *Iroqueſe*, who hearing of the *French* deſigns againſt their diſtant allies, were out to way-lay them, luckily came up and attacked them. *De Courcy* made the beſt diſpoſitions he could; but it was all in vain—he was vanquiſhed, and forced to retreat with great precipitation, with a handful of his *French* and *Indians*, leaving the reſt of his party ſtretched upon the earth. *Calcathouy*, at the beginning of the ſkirmiſh, ſeized a gun from a *Frenchman*, with which, after having knocked out his brains, he broke away to the *Iroqueſe*, and did prodigious execution upon his late conquerors. His friends, overjoyed at having redeemed him, ſent him home, and he returned to his nation, to the inexpreſſible conſolation of his mourning *Taloufa*, and his faithful ſubjects, who were gathering together with their allies and the *Engliſh*, to revenge his death, which they had looked

upon as certain. He did not ſuffer this ardour to cool, but, full of his late uſage, marched at the head of three hundred gunmen, aſſiſted by fifty *Engliſh*, to join the *Iroqueſe*, and, with unabated diligence, ſpread fire and ſword to the very gates of *Quebec*: the governor did all he could to oppoſe this inſult, but it was ſo ſudden, that he had not time to call in the aſſiſtance of his *Indians*, and *Calcathoury* returned, after having laid many plantations in ruins, within ſight of the town, and carried home forty *Frenchmen*, whom he had made priſoners, with whom he entered the *Creek* towns, with ſongs and ſhouts of triumph, after an abſence of only fourteen weeks.

In the firſt fury of his people, he had much ado to prevent their burning all the *French* priſoners, without exception; and at laſt was forced to agree to the ſentence of the *beloved men*, that ten ſhould be choſen, by caſting lots amongſt themſelves, for execution; and the reſt ſhould be made ſlaves. Accordingly the forlorn number were prepared for their horrid fate.—Already the poſts were erected, in the principal town, the bands prepared—the light-wood placed around—the trembling victims were bound to the ſtake; matches tied in all parts of their bodies, and the women and children

were eager to begin their torments; when, one of them looking wiſtfully towards the place where *Calcathouy* and the *head-men* were ſeated, cried out, in the *Indian* tongue, with a trembling voice, Ah! *Mito*—will you burn your friend, will you ſee him expire in torments, who looſened your chains? No ſooner were the words out of his mouth, than *Calcathouy* recollected the voice and perſon of *Marſillac*, who had till that inſtant no opportunity to make himſelf known——ſtruck thereat, he gave orders to ſtop the lighting of the dreadful fire, and, having repreſented his behaviour to the *head-men*, he, with tears and prayers, beſought his exemption from puniſhment, which, with ſome difficulty he obtained, and immediately flew to him, and, with his own hands, having unbound him, ſent him to the care of his *Taloufa*, at his cabin; nay, he did more, he, with ſo much ſucceſs, intreated for the other priſoners, that only one ſuffered the fiery trial; for he was reſolved to ſpare all he could to the merit of his *French* friend. When he arrived at his hut, he embraced him, told his wife of his obligations to him, and, with her, endeavoured, by every kind and hoſpitable treatment, to render his captivity eaſy. *Marſillac* was a thorough *Frenchman*, was ſupple, fawning, and obſequious, and ſoon ſo gained upon

the hearts of his patron and patroneſs, that they made him a party in all their pleaſures. —he fiſhed, hunted, and feaſted with them, and partook of the innocent delights of thoſe rural retreats, that were ſacred to the love and friendſhip of the happy pair and their family. Perhaps *Marſillac* was ſincere in his firſt attachment to his deliverer, and might have perſiſted in it; but frequent views of the graces of *Taloufa*, ſoon made an impreſſion upon his heart, and he burnt, ſlave and dejected as he was, with an impure paſſion, which however he had not the temerity to declare. He grew melancholy, ſpoke little, and had ſo loſt his gaiety of temper, that it was ſoon perceived, and his kind hoſt and hoſteſs, aſcribing it to his abſence from *Quebec*, and his condition of a captive, at length prevailed for his liberty, with two of his fellow priſoners, and had them conducted ſafe into their own territories. Three years paſſed away, at the end of which *Marſillac* was ſent to garriſon a new fort, then erecting, ſince called *Mouville*, and which was not quite defenſible; and the being ſo much nearer to *Taloufa*, recalled his old deſires, and he reſolved to hazard the breach of gratitude, virtue, and honour, nay his own ruin, rather than not enjoy the tempting bait. For this purpoſe, having ſelected a choſen few, he privately marched, for

ſeveral days, on good horſes, till he arrived at one of the well-known retreats of that excellent woman, and her fond huſband; found them there, overpowered them, and their two or three attendants, all unprepared and unarmed, and having bound them, returned with his prey to the fort, before any alarm could be given in the towns, which had been uſed to theſe abſences of their king, ſometimes for ſeveral days. No words can paint the mingled fury, horror, and deteſtation, that *Calcathouy* expreſſed, when this wretch diſcovered himſelf, and barefacedly owned his baſeneſs, and had the audacity even to threaten him with death to his face, unleſs *Talouſa* complied with his luſt. *Frenchman*, he cried, all enflamed—thou conviceſt me there is neither juſtice nor gratitude in thy nation!—well is it for thee—that I am bound and unarmed, and that thou art ſurrounded with thy men—otherwiſe, words like theſe, ſhould have coſt thee thy life—well am I repaid for truſting to any of thy faithleſs tribe; but know this, thou wretch, that *Talouſa* can die before ſhe can ſuffer ſuch diſgrace, and that *Calcathouy* dares the completion of thy abominable and black treachery. *Marſillac* ordered him away to a dungeon, loaded with irons, not being able to face him longer, or to reply, and *Talouſa* was conducted full of rage

and deſpair, to an apartment next his own, with two men, to ſee that ſhe took no deſperate methods againſt her life. His overbearing luſt did not permit him to ſtay long from her, and, entering her chamber ſome hours after, he ordered the attendants away, and began to ſooth her to his purpoſes; but was anſwered with the contempt and diſdain that the virtue of that amiable woman inſpired. At length he proceeded to force, and bearing her to the bed, would have triumphed over the chaſtity of ſo many years of purity, when *Taloufa* eſpied a ſword upon it, lying behind her, which one of her guard had cautiouſly left behind him, which ſeizing haſtily, ſhe plunged into his boſom, and he vomited out his black ſoul in a torrent of blood. By the threats and menaces he had uſed towards her *Calcathouy*, ſhe imagined, ere now, he had been made a ſacrifice, and, knowing ſhe was in the power of wretches who would not fail to revenge the death of their chief, ſhe, without heſitation, bravely run herſelf through the heart, and fell upon the floor, an example of conſummate virtue and heroic fortitude. For ſome hours this dreadful cataſtrophe remained undiſcovered; but at length *Marſillac* beginning to be miſſed, by his ſervants, they broke into the room, and were witneſſes to a ſcene of horror, that chilled their blood;

and the ſtory was ſoon ſpread through the garriſon. The officer that hereupon ſucceeded in the command, being apprehenſive of the ill effects of ſuch an action, and the odium it would bring upon his nation, amongſt all the *Indians*, friends and enemies, was at his wit's end how to act; he knew the proweſs of *Calcathouy*, and that, after he was informed of the death of *Taloufa*, he would, if ſet at liberty, breath nothing but implacable revenge, and ſoon overturn their new-erected works; and though he deteſted the baſeneſs of *Marſillac*, and reſolved not to take his life; yet he determined to ſend him to *Quebec*, with a letter of the affair, to *Frontiniac*, and his advice to keep him a ſecret and perpetual priſoner. While theſe events happened at *Moville*, *Calcathouy*'s attendants, who had eſcaped when he was taken, for *Marſillac*, blinded to every thing but his paſſion, had ſuffered them to go unhurt, came home with the news of his capture by the *French*, which cauſed the utmoſt conſternation. Though I was young in the trade, I had received ſo many favours from this great man, that I was really afflicted with his loſs, and determined to acquieſce in every meaſure for revenging his fall; and a body of *Indians*, to the number of eight hundred, being aſſembled, I joined them with near ſixty other *Engliſhmen*, traders and

their ſervants, and immediately marched towards *Moville*, to which place we imagined, truly, that he and his *Talouſa* were conveyed: before we ſet down to the ſiege, however, a *French* deſerter joined us from thence, informed us of the fate of *Marſillac* and *Talouſa*, and that *Calcathouy* had two days before been conveyed from the fort, and was gone towards *Quebec*. Upon this intelligence, myſelf, with ten *Whites*, and fifty *Indians*, immediately ſet off in purſuit of the party that had him in cuſtody, and it being a rainy ſeaſon, and the waters much ſwelled, after three days journey, we came up with them, on the banks of the *Miſouri*, and finding them only forty men, we attacked them, killed every ſoul, after a very brave reſiſtance, and once more ſet the unfortunate chief at liberty. The moſt informed and polite *European* could not have, in more lively terms, expreſſed his gratitude, and, when he heard we were before *Moville*, methought his figure and attitude reſembled that of the fabled god of war; but alas! when, in a prepared and prudent way, I let him into the cataſtrophe of his wife; all the fierceneſs of the warrior, and the firmneſs of the man was loſt for ſome days, the *Indian* ſtoiciſm was not proof againſt ſo home a ſtroke——he fainted, and, when recovered, made the ſaddeſt and moſt moving com-

plaints, till rage and fury broke in upon his ſoul, and the thoughts of vengeance, occupied, in its turn, his breaſt. In ſhort, we arrived at the camp before *Moville*, and, after three weeks lying before it, in which actions of bravery were performed on both ſides, worthy of eternal remembrance, the commanding officer propoſed a capitulation, by the articles of which all concerned with *Marſillac* in his baſeneſs, were delivered up to us and burnt; one thouſand pounds were given in preſents to our *Indians*, and the fortreſs was diſmantled; after which the reſt of the garriſon, now reduced to a very ſmall number, were conducted ſafe into the territories of *Quebec*, and we returned in triumph to our nations. Poor *Calcathouy*, though happy in his children, has never been ſeen once to ſmile ſince the loſs of the amiable *Talouſa*, and though alive, but half lives without her inſpiring preſence. Mean time he has perpetually haraſſed and plagued the enemy, and, had his counſels been followed by our neighbouring governments, *Moville* would not now be a thorn in our ſides, but we ſhould ourſelves have had a fort there, which would have bridled the *French* incroachments, and given us a larger extent of country to trade in.

Here the captain ceaſed, and *Tom* began

to conceive the higheſt regard for this worthy *Indian*, and wiſhed the *French* would approach, that he might have a freſh opportunity of chaſtiſing that baſe and perfidious people. At length the *French* appeared, and either for want of intelligence, or from a confidence of their numbers, ſuffered their *Indians* to move forward, promiſcuouſly, without order or command. As ſoon as they came within gun-ſhot, *Tom* ordered half his men to give fire, and *Matthewſon* doing the like on the other flank, they dropped in great numbers, and the whole body made a ſudden halt of the greateſt aſtoniſhment; at which time, as they were all huddling together, the reſerve let fly, and plainly could perceive upwards of twenty more fall to the earth. The *French*, meantime, who were at a conſiderable diſtance, ſeeing their friends engaged, marched briſkly up to their aſſiſtance; but it was too late, for the *Indians*, quite ſcared, fell back upon them, and put them into ſuch diſorder, that *Matthewſon* gave the ſignal for the main body of his *Indians* to move up, and attack them to the very teeth. This they did, with ſuch courage, that, after two or three diſcharges, by which they killed more of their own *Indians* than ours, they began to retreat, in as good order as poſſible; but *Matthewſon* and *Tom* having marched about,

unperceived, through certain defiles, attacked them in the rear, ſo that, finding no poſſibility of eſcape, they performed wonders of bravery, and diſputed every inch of ground with the utmoſt obſtinacy. Both parties were now at cloſe quarters, with pieces clubbed, hatchets, hangers, and *Tomahawks*, making wretched butchery of each other, till, of the enemy *Indians*, very few were left alive, and moſt of thoſe priſoners to ours, and the *French* had loſt half their number. *Matthewſon* and *Tom* fought like heroes, and dealt death at every ſtroke; but the former encountering the *French* commander, hand to hand, unfortunately received a piſtol ball through his heart, which at once robbed the generous man of life. *Tom*, who was within view, ſeeing him fall, gave a loud cry, and preſſing to the ſpot, ſhot his adverſary through the head; and now, full of revenge and reſentment, ſpread ſuch deſtruction around him, that the miſerable remains of the forty *French*, being only twelve in number, flung down their arms, and cried for quarter. In the firſt ſallies of his grief and rage, he was going to refuſe it, and cut them all to pieces; but humanity and reaſon ſoon reſumed their empire over him, and he ordered his men to protect them from our *Indians*. So obſtinate an engagement was never known in

that part of the world, nor the *Indians* to ſtand their ground ſo firmly: it laſted full ſix hours, and was perfect butchery all the while. Of the forty *French*, only twelve remained alive, and moſt of theſe deſperately wounded. Of their hundred *Indians* forty-ſeven lay dead on the field, near twenty were knocked down in the purſuit, ten were made priſoners, and the reſt got off by ſwimming acroſs the ſtream. On the ſide of the *Engliſh*, poor Captain *Matthewſon* and *Talapache* were killed, four negroes and three white men; and *Tom*, now commander in chief, and eight more ſlightly wounded—of the ſeventy *Indians*, beſides *Talapache*, twenty-five were ſlain, and an inconſiderable number wounded. After having diſpoſed the priſoners under a proper guard, they interred, firſt, *Talapache* and their own dead, and the *French* Marquis, with military ceremony, and then the reſt of the *French*, and their *Indians*, in one deep pit, firing three rounds over their graves. This care of the dead got *Tom* great reputation with both parties; and now having wept ſincere tears over the body of his dear friend and patron, whoſe loſs lay heavy upon his grateful mind, he had thoughts of carrying it back to be interred on friendly ground; but as they were near eighty miles from his neareſt ſtore, he found it impracticable, and therefore pre-

pared to give him the beſt funeral his circumſtances would afford. They hollowed a tree for a coffin, in which they placed him, after cleanſing him from the blood that had ſoiled his viſage, and, digging a deep grave, they let him down into that peaceful habitation, his adopted, mournful ſon, ſhedding floods of tears over him, and ſpeaking an oration to his praiſe in the *Engliſh* and *Indian* tongues; then firing three vollies over him, they covered him with his parent earth, and neatly ſodded the grave with green turf. But *Tom* was not yet ſatisfied, and knowing he had an *Engliſh* ſervant of the Captain's left alive, who had ſerved his time to a carver, he ordered a proper tree to be ſought, and encamped upon the ſpot till it could be faſhioned for a monument, and the following inſcription, cut upon it, which he drew up on the occaſion.

Whilſt humanity and virtue
exiſt in the world,
To all thoſe who knew Captain
JOHN MATTHEWSON,
His memory will be ever dear.
He was a man,
Of wiſdom and knowledge,
Of ſuch integrity,
So juſt, ſo merciful, ſo charitable,
ſo frugal, ſo temperate,
That his death
Is a public loſs.
Valiantly fighting,
Againſt the *French* and their *Indians*,
Though ſuperior in number,
He received a wound,
which robbed him of life;
After he had ſecured victory to his party,
On *Sept.* 17th. *anno* 1719.
Friend or enemy!
Oh! ſpare this remembrance
Of ſo excellent a perſon,
Erected,
A poor teſtimony of affection;
by his mourning ſon
THOMAS MATTHEWSON.

This pious work took him up four days, and having finiſhed it; they began to march homeward, where they arrived in ſix days more, with all their priſoners.

The *Indians* being diſmiſſed with the accuſtomed preſents, and carrying their priſoners with them, whom they afterwards burnt, as is their practice; *Tom* retired into one of his houſes, and would ſee no company: he ſincerely regretted the loſs of a man to whom he had been ſo much obliged, nor did the ſplendid fortune to which he ſucceeded, at all alleviate his ſorrows: for ſome time, even that perpetual gueſt, his dear *Fanny*, was baniſhed from his thoughts. At length he reſolved to go to *Virginia*, to take poſſeſſion of his patron's effects, and to carry his *French* priſoners with him, whom he had treated with the utmoſt humanity; from thence to return, diſpoſe of his goods, and break up his ſtores, for he could no longer endure the country, and thence to travel to *Maryland*, to make his dear friends partakers of his fortune, and ſee the jewel of his ſoul, the uncertainty of whoſe ſituation was worſe than death. This reſolution formed, he began to prepare for its execution, and, in the time that took up, frequently dined with his priſoners, one of whom, the others treated with great deference and reſpect, which made him curious to know his quality, which they as ſtudiouſly concealed, imagining he would demand a ranſom for him. He was about his own age, and, through an overwhelming ſorrow and a ſordid dreſs, ſhone

forth such traits of dignity and beauty, as visibly testified his superiority to the rest of his companions. When they heard he intended to carry them to *Virginia*, they were greatly terrified, particularly this youth, who, one morning, desiring a private audience of the Captain, addressed him thus: Your amiable behaviour, ever since the fatal day I fell into your hands, tells me, you have a soul superior to any thing mean and sordid, your compassionate disposition convinces me you are a friend to mankind, and particularly under the pressure, the anguish of misfortune. You killed my father, but you killed him honourably, and I am obliged not to hate you: you saw him destroy the dearest friend you had: I am the son of the Marquis *du Cayle*, governor of *Moville*, and commander of the party you vanquished. I had a tender passion for a lady of my own age, at *Quebec*, whom I left, forced by my duty, some months ago, ready to be forced to a match that would undo her, and make me eternally miserable. If you carry me to *Virginia*, you rob us both of life, for in that case it will be impossible to fly to her succour in time—and perhaps, even now, the news of my death has broke her heart, or rendered her an easier prey to the designs of our enemies. Ah Sir, if you ever loved, you'll pity me! name my ransom, I'll give

you my parole of honour to remit it to you, and let me, alone and unarmed as I am, return to *Canada*, and your generosity will call down the bles[illegible] heaven upon your head. Circumstances so similar to his own, moved the young Captain extremely, it brought his dear *Fanny*'s sufferings at once into his mind, nor could he refrain tears; and after some minutes pause, folding his arms about him, he replied, Chevalier, I sympathize in your distress! I myself, at this instant, feel all the weight of your calamity, by sad and woeful experience; if we entered the territories of your *Indians*, it was in return for the like insult, and for very unwarantable depredations and excesses——you lost a father——I lost a father and a friend. Let us remember these things no more—The two governments are not concerned in this affair—go—I give you your liberty, and that of your companions, without ransom, and will furnish you with arms to defend, and provisions to subsist yourselves in your tedious march.—Go—and may you reap all your wishes—Let my generosity make you a friend to any *English* subject you may see a captive with your nation. Never was seen a more sudden transition from grief to joy, than that of this young *Frenchman*, he, over and over, embraced his deliverer and friend, as he called him, promised to hold his kindness in ever-

laſting remembrance, and to relieve and comfort every *Engliſhman* he ever ſaw in diſtreſs. It was two days before he departed with his fellow priſoners, [illegible]fully furniſhed with arms, ammunition, and proviſions, and attended by a friendly *Indian*, to ſee them ſafe to *Moville*, and in that time they contracted an intimate friendſhip with each other, and parted with promiſes of mutual remembrance.

And now our young hero, having left all his concerns in the *Indian* country in the hands of his remaining faithful ſervants, till his return, ſet out with two attendants for *Williamſburgh*, and made ſuch expedition, that he arrived there in leſs than fifteen days, and immediately repaired to the merchant's, where one of the copies of his patron's will was depoſited. Already the joyful news of the late victory had reached them, and the melancholy death of the Captain, ſo that he was condoled with on his arrival by the governor and all the principal inhabitants, who vyed which ſhould ſhew him the greateſt honour and reſpect. Having adminiſtred to the will, he found himſelf, after paying all the debts upon the eſtate, and the few legacies ſpecified in the will, maſter of nine thouſand pounds ſterling in ready money, and by computation

near one thouſand pounds worth of goods, beſides book debts to a conſiderable amount. The merchant who was his patron's principal banker and caſhier, now received every thing in the name of *Thomas Matthewſon*, and gave ſecurity for the monies in his hand. *Tom* gave mourning to all the deceaſed's friends, with rings, in token of remembrance, and put himſelf into the ſame livery, and what opened every body's mouth in his praiſe was, his clearing the priſon of unfortunate debtors, and beſtowing benefactions upon many poor families; and, as his friend the merchant was upon marrying his daughter, he, in the politeſt manner, made the bride a preſent of five hundred pounds. Every tongue ſpoke his praiſes, and he was carreſſed by all ranks of people, and, as he declared his intention of quitting the trade, many of the beſt matches were offered him, which he courteouſly declined, by letting them know he had determined firſt to viſit his native country, for ſo he called *Maryland*. Before he ſet out on his return to the *Indian* nations, he wrote to Mrs *Barlow*, his dear *Fanny* and all his friends, acquainting them with his adventures and good fortune, and promiſing ſpeedily to viſit them, enclоſing the letters in a packet to the good Mr *Ferguſon*; he alſo ſent ſome rich preſents to them all, by the ſame ſloop, and

particularly a gold repeating watch to his *Fanny*; but ſtill remained in the utmoſt terror and apprehenſion at the alteration ſo many years abſence might have occaſioned, by death, or what was worſe, the odious match with *Carter*.

Theſe affairs tranſacted, he bid adieu to all friends, and ſet out, on his return to a laſt view of the duſky race amongſt whom he had converſed. He arrived ſafely after a month's journey, for it was now winter, and the rivers were much ſwelled, at his ſtores, and found every thing in good and thriving condition; but terrible apprehenſions of a viſit from the *French*. After taking a ſurvey of his whole ſtock, he called to him the three men who had been in the principal truſt under his late patron, and the reſt of the ſervants, and ſpoke to them as follows: My friends and companions, you have loſt an excellent maſter as well as myſelf, and I think you ought to loſe nothing by his death —I have ſufficient without following trade, and ſhall therefore reſign all my intereſt in it to you three, whom I know he intended, had he lived, to provide for. I have therefore brought this inſtrument, by which I give you, in equal proportions, all my right and title to the ſtores, horſes, ſtore-houſes, and every thing that belongs to me, by

deviſe, in this country, which, upon an exact computation, I think will amount to near three hundred and fifty pounds a-piece; I would have you, with this beginning, which is ſuperior to your late maſter's, trade in joint ſtock, and I have ſecured you ſuch credit in *Virginia*, that you may have one thouſand pounds worth of goods at any warning. God bleſs you with it, and proſper you! As to you, gentlemen, turning to the others, you have moſt of you ſome years to come of the time you were indented for —this I diſcharge you from and ſet you free, and to every man will give twenty pounds to engage his remembrance of our good departed benefactor. The *Negroes* alſo I ſet at liberty, and deſire you three gentlemen will take them into your ſervice, at proper wages. To attempt to deſcribe the expreſſive gratitude theſe worthy creatures ſhewed in word and geſture, upon this generoſity of their maſter, would ſurpaſs the power of language. All were tranſported—every one was happy! And now having diſpoſed of all his concerns, he went round to take leave of his *Indian* friends, and particularly took a tour of near one hundred miles to ſee his old and brave companion in war *Calcathoxy*. Here he diverted himſelf for ſome few days, in hunting deer and buffaloes, in the manner of the people, with whoſe cuſtoms he

was as familiar as our own. One day, being out with a very ſmall party of only ſix *Indians*, beſides himſelf and the chief, they laid them down to take ſome refreſhment under the ſhade of a cypreſs grove, which on one ſide was obſcured from view by a riſing hillock, and on the other, by the ſurrounding woods; and whilſt they were regaling, upon cold veniſon which they had brought with them, on a ſudden, from behind, a volley of ſmall ſhot was fired amongſt them, by which three of the *Indians*, and the great *Calcathouy* were ſhot dead, and the other three deſperately wounded, and *Tom* had one corner of his hat ſhot away; he was going to take up his piece to defend himſelf, but it was too late; for he found himſelf in an inſtant ſurrounded by enemy *Indians*, who butchered his ſurviving companions, ſcalped them before his face, and then ſtripping him to the ſkin, made him march before them at a great rate, till they imagined themſelves out of danger of purſuit; and then ſetting him in the midſt, they made a ring, and danced the war dance. *Tom* was always endowed with an extraordinary preſence of mind, and was pleaſed to diſcover that, by their dialect, theſe were not of the ſame nation with thoſe he had uſed ſo roughly, in the late engagement; but a party of the *Ocuni*, in alliance with

the *French*, who he underſtood meant only to convey him to *Moville*, to get the uſual preſent. Had it been the other, he knew he muſt be a dead man. Thus behold a reverſe of fortune—he, who but a ſmall ſpace of time before, was happy, and employed in making others ſo, is now ſtriped naked, bound with thongs, and a ſpectacle of triumph and reproach to a barbarous gang of ſavages! He lamented his imprudence and the death of his friends; but the falſe ſtep he had taken was not now to be remedied. After they had danced and ſung till they were tired, they began to ſearch the pockets of the priſoner, and to divide his garments; in one of his coat-pockets happened to be his old favourite flute. This cauſed a good deal of wonder amongſt them, and at laſt they applied to the owner, by ſigns, to make it ſpeak, or let them know the uſe of it; upon which, in the *Creek* tongue, he told them, if they'd unbind him, he would divert them with it. They ſhewed a pleaſed ſurprize to hear him talk a language they underſtood, and complied with his requeſt. As ſoon as he was unbound, he played Prince *Eugene*'s march, which he thought would beſt pleaſe theſe warlike people. Never was more amazement ſhewn than now, they made the moſt ridiculous geſtures of aſtoniſhment, then ſnatched the tuneful inſtru-

ment, ſurveyed it on all ſides, attempted to blow ineffectually, and then applied to him to tell them how, particularly their chief. He ſhewed him how to place his lips and his tongue, and when he made it ſound, he danced about in the utmoſt triumph. Seeing him ſo fond of it, he took an effectual method for his preſervation and good treatment, by preſenting it to him with theſe words—you are my friend—yes, the other returned, putting his hand upon his head, and you ſhall be mine, making him at the ſame time, a preſent of a painted *Tomahawk* (or ſmall *Indian* battle-axe.) This is ſo ſacred a compact among the *Indians*, that it is never broken, and they think themſelves obliged to protect their friend in any evil and danger. He then enquired in the *French* tongue, if he underſtood him, and found he talked that language very intelligibly. Hearing all this, they began to like him extremely, and let him march with them without being bound; and in this naked manner, after nine days travel, they arrived within a mile of the fort, he not having ſuffered the leaſt ill uſage, and eating and drinking in common with his maſters. One of their number was diſpatched before, to give notice of their arrival, upon which the gates of the fort were thrown open, the garriſon went under arms, and they entered it with

ſcalps diſplayed, and their priſoner in the center, chanting the dreadful notes of the war-hoop, whilſt the cannon on the ravelin were fired, and the garriſon made three diſcharges to do them the more honour. The Governor was ſeated ready to receive them, and, after thanking them for their ſervices, and applauding their bravery, the uſual preſents were brought out and diſtributed, and then they preſented their priſoner; the chief telling him, he talked his own language as well as theirs. This *Frenchman* was a man of humanity, and ordered one of his domeſtics to fetch a coat, which after *Tom* had put on, he began to queſtion him, as to his profeſſion, and how he came amongſt the *Indians*. My lord, he replied, I am an *Engliſhman*, and curioſity brought me from *Virginia*, to ſee the cuſtoms of our *Indians*; we had been innocently hunting upon our own territories, when theſe ſavages treacherouſly fired upon us, deſtroyed my companions, and brought me here, to experience the polite uſage of your generous nation, with whom I think our crown is in perfect peace and amity. Sir, he returned, I pity your condition——you may depend upon good treatment whilſt you are here—but I have orders to ſend all priſoners taken by the *Indians* to *Quebec*, to which place you will depart in a few days, with an eſcort of

garriſon; and if no more appearance of ill is viſible, you will be returned to *Virginia* in ſafety. He then roſe up, and taking *Tom* by the hand, led him to his apartment—ordered wine, and ſome cold proviſions, deſiring him to eat and forget his miſhap, thank God he was got ſo well out of their hands, and told him he ſeemed ſo much of a gentleman, that he ſhould lodge and eat at table with him, during his ſtay, and had liberty to walk about the fort upon his parole. The worthy creature made all the acknowledgments he was capable of, in words, for this goodneſs, and making a virtue of neceſſity, aſſumed a pleaſing air, converſed with freedom, and ſo as to gain intirely the good will of his hoſt, the Baron *Dieſonville*; but, as to the going abroad, he did not embrace that offer, fearing to be known by ſome of the *Indians*, and betrayed to be the conqueror of M. *du Cayle*. The next day his benefactor ſupplied him with a complete ſuit of rich cloaths, with all appurtenances of dreſs; and when the eſcort was ready, he ſet out, after they had exchanged mutual promiſes of friendſhip. They were three weeks in the journey to *Canada*, partly by land, and partly upon the navigable lakes, which the enterpriſing *French* had every where made to communicate with each other, and conſidering the country, he endured as

hardſhips as could be expected; but the encreaſing diſtance between him and his lovely *Fanny*, cauſed him cruel inquietudes, and had he not had the comfort of knowing, that before this time ſhe muſt have heard from him, would have produced all the conſequences of deſpair. With wonder and aſtoniſhment he frequently ran over the occurrences of his paſt life, and in humble and pious ejaculations adored and praiſed that almighty Being, who had protected him through ſo many dangers and difficulties, and ſtill continued to watch over his ſteps. He was perfectly aſtoniſhed when he entered *Quebec*, to ſee ſo populous and ſumptuous a city, far ſurpaſſing any thing he had ſeen before in *America*, and ſilently ſaid to himſelf——Ah! this ſettlement will be a perpetual and terrible thorn in our ſides in this part of the world! The Governor received him with a great deal of diſtinction, as well on account of his eaſy and polite behaviour, and from a letter he had received recommending him to his favour from *Detonville*, as the report his conductors made of his carriage in the late tour from *Moville*. He anſwered his interrogatories with all the prudence he was able; but being preſſed very cloſely, could not be ſo diſingenuous as to diſſemble he had been concerned in the *Indian* trade for ſome years, ſaying his name

was *Barlow*: For he had the mortification to hear, on every hand, the conſternation the late defeat and death of *Cayit* had occaſioned, and threats of vengeance againſt the young *Matthewſon*, whenever they got him in their power. After his examination was finiſhed, the Governor ſaid—I am extremely ſorry, Sir, for you really have already gained my good opinion, that I cannot ſet you at liberty; but ſo many inſults have been committed by the gentlemen in the trade, on your ſide, that upon the report thereof, the king my maſter has ordered all priſoners taken on his territories, (for the *Indians* have made it appear you were without the *Engliſh* limits,) ſhould be ſent to *France*. The *Flora* man of war is now ready to ſail—I will recommend you to the Captain, and, though a priſoner, I'm ſure you'll be conſidered merely as a paſſenger, and enjoy liberty all the voyage—and thus much farther I will do—you may have any money advanced you, upon drawing bills on your agent in *Virginia*, and what letters you think proper to conſide with me, I aſſure you, upon my honour, ſhall go there by the firſt conveyance, unopened. Though the thoughts of ſo tedious an abſence from *Maryland* gave him inexpreſſible pangs, he was obliged to diſſemble, and thank his Excellency for his goodneſs, and acquieſce, with a good

and he desired the advancement of a hundred livres to fit himself for the passage, and bills for a thousand more on *France*, which was immediately complied with, and thereupon he drew upon his agent in *Virginia* for the like sum sterling, and as much more to defray his charges of drawing, signing his bills *Thomas Barlow*; but in the letter he wrote, he, after giving a long account of his misfortune and treatment, and the sending him to *France*, explained the reason of his alteration of name, and desired due honour might be paid to his bills notwithstanding; and also gave orders to him to remit to his correspondent at *London* a thousand pounds, with orders to him to lodge a letter of credit with M. *Alexander*, banker at *Paris*, for the like sum on his arrival, to whom he was recommended by the Governor. As the Governor had given his honour, he without any scruple wrote all that his mind dictated, and indeed found that he was really the man he pretended to be. He was so caressed by the principal people in *Quebec*, that he was obliged, though under great terror, to be more public than at *Meville*, but never enquired after the Chevalier *Coyle*, whom he had used to generously, for fear of making a discovery that would be fatal to him. In three weeks he was out of all his [illegible] however, by going on board the man

of war, after waiting upon the Governor and his friends to pay his compliments of departure; and the next day she sailed down the river of St *Laurence* to proceed on her voyage. The Governor, strictly just to his promises, had so recommended him, that the Chevalier *D'Aville*, commander of the ship, and all his officers treated him with the utmost respect and distinction, and in a few days began to bless themselves at having so agreeable a companion; for, though sadly uneasy in his mind, he put on the gayest and most placid air and mien in the world, in return for the kind usage he met with. The *Flora* had orders to touch at *Martinico*, on which account she shaped her course for the *West Indies*, and after three weeks blustring voyage, came into the lat. 35. and long. 80. 2 being abreast of the great *Bahama bank*, where the commander had instructions to look into the neighbouring keys, after an *English* sloop and a *French* brig who had lately turned pyrates, and infested the trade in the gulf of *Florida* and to *Cuba*, *Hispaniola* and *Jamaica*, and had been also very troublesome to the *Leeward* islands. But the time was arrived when the villains should pay for all their mischiefs and cruelties; for as they were standing under a very [illegible] the long boat which had been [illegible] *Cat* and *Watling*'s islands, and the [illegible]

coves, was ſeen rowing towards the ſhip with the utmoſt expedition, upon which the Captain ordered the ſails to be backed, and in leſs than an hour ſhe got on board, with intelligence that the ſhips they were in ſearch of, lay in *Exuma* ſound, and that one of them was upon the careen. The whole ſhip's crew gave a great ſhout at this intelligence, but as the *Flora* (which was a frigate of thirty-four guns,) could not venture in, a conſultation was held, at the concluſion of which, the long boat, yawl and pinnace, were ordered to be well manned, and the former had two 3 pounders clapped into her bow, and their crews being furniſhed with ſmall arms and ten rounds of powder and ball each man, they were thought capable of taking the pyrates. Our young adventurer was preſent at all theſe conſultations, and two of the Lieutenants being ill, and the veſſel coming out without either Enſigns or Cadets, a perſon properly qualified ſeemed wanting to command the yawl. After a modeſt introduction, in which he mentioned his being a priſoner, he wiſhed he might be permitted to ſhew his gratitude, by accompanying them, as the puniſhing ſuch peſts of ſociety was the common buſineſs of every nation upon earth. My dear friend, the Captain replied, I'll venture to truſt you with the ſmart command—'its true you are

under a kind of reſtraint; but your offence is not known, and I fancy you are only ſent to *France* by way of form, and merely in obedience to the letter of the Governor's inſtructions, though, had the ſpirit of them been conſidered, I believe we ſhould not have been honoured with your company. *Tom* made his acknowledgments, and immediately entered upon his command, and all three ſtood away for the ſound, under an eaſy ſail. The firſt Lieutenant commanded the long boat as Commodore, and the Maſter the pinnace. It had been agreed, as it was imagined, and as it proved, the pyrates had not ſeen the long boat, that that and the yawl ſhould lay the ſloop on board her quarters, and enter her at once, and that the pinnace ſhould attack the brig which was upon the careen, by landing her men, and taking poſſeſſion of all the men and arms aſhore, and then righting the ſhip, to get her off. They fortunately, it being very hazy weather, and the duſk of the evening, and as they did not row but ſail, got up within two boats length before they were diſcovered, and the ſtrange confuſion it put the wretches in, was evidenced by the oaths, execrations and curſes that reſounded on every ſide; and as they ſuſpected no danger their guns were unſhotted, their ſails unbent, and they had nothing to oppoſe with

ſmall arms and deſperation. The Lieutenant and *Tom* ſoon got on board, after exchanging a few ſhot, by which they received no damage, and whilſt the former ſecured all upon the main deck, which, ſeeing themſelves overpowered, they ſuffered without much reſiſtance, though moſt of them drunk; the latter made his way, piſtol in hand, to the round houſe, which he found barricaded ſuddenly againſt him, and ſeveral random ſhots were fired through the loop holes; but being now joined by the Lieutenant with ſuch of his party as were not on guard, they pointed the three pounders againſt the barricado, which had ſuch ſucceſs, that, in leſs than twenty minutes, thoſe within called for quarters. The two commanders entered ſword in hand and piſtols cocked, and found the pyrate Captain, Mate, Quarter Maſter, and eight more, who ſurrendered priſoners of war, and were conducted to their fellows who were tied, and under guard in the forecaſtle and the Captain's cabin. Mean time a gun was fired from the other ſhip, which was the ſignal agreed upon, when ſhe was taken, at which the men on board the ſloop gave a loud huzza and were anſwered by thoſe on board the brig, who could plainly hear each other. But the maſter had had pretty warm work of it, having three men killed and four wounded before he got poſ-

ſeſſion, and ten of the *French* pyrates were ſlain. On board the ſloop only two of the *Flora*'s crew were wounded, and two of the pyrates, and one killed. Thus, by the drunkenneſs, want of order and confuſion of the villains, a cheap and eaſy conqueſt was gained, and priſoners made of thirty-ſeven *Engliſh* and eighteen *French*, beſides the two Captains. By the time the whole was atchieved the next morning dawned, and the *Flora* came to an anchor cloſe upon the north breakers at the mouth of the ſound, and *Tom* had the honour to carry to the Captain the firſt news of their victory, as a token of his ſatisfaction with which, he preſented him with the gold hilted ſword from his ſide, and tenderly embraced him. Three days were taken up in claſſing and examining the priſoners, who were then brought on board the *Flora* and put in irons, to receive their due deſerts at *Martinico*. The ſloop mounted 10 ſix-pounders, and the brig 6 four-pounders beſides ſwivels, and had been in concert many months. A great quantity of money and goods was found on board, to the joy of the captors, who were like to be well paid for the ſervice they had done to mankind. *Tom* was an interpreter for the *Engliſh* priſoners, who were firſt examined, and the third man that came into the cabin, namely the pyrate Quarter-

ter, he was at once ſtruck with the ſight of, and was inly ſure he had ſeen him ſomewhere before, but, judge his ſituation, when upon aſking him his name he ſaid *John Williamſon*. At that well known name, and well remembered, and once dreaded voice he fell ſome paces back, to the admiration of all preſent, and falling on his knees, cried, Oh God! ever juſt and good, I thank thee, that I behold and am rendered an inſtrument in puniſhing the greateſt villain breathing! The priſoner, without knowing why, trembled every joint at theſe words, whilſt *Tom* begging the Captain's patience for ſome moments, though he could ſcarce hold himſelf ſtill—made ſhift to put the following queſtions to him—Was you ever at *Briſtol*? Yes Sir. Did you not command a veſſel called the *Anne* of that port, in the year 1697 or thereabout, and after ſlaving on the coaſt of *Guinea*, diſpoſe of your cargo at *Sene-puxon* in *Maryland*? Yes, he anſwered, without the leaſt heſitation, though much ſtartled at being ſo well known. Pray Sir, did you know one *Barlow* a planter there, and did you not ſell an innocent child to him, that you ſtole from his parents in *London*? At this queſtion the blood forſook his cheeks, and had the guard not ſupported him, he would have fallen upon the cabin floor—he made no reply, but hanging down his head continued ſilent.

But the queſtion being repeated, again and again, he at length anſwered ſurlily—you have taken me—I know I'm a dead man—I'll anſwer no more queſtions; nor would break his obſtinate ſilence, but was obliged to be carried to his confinement untractable. After the whole were examined, and the Captain, firſt Lieutenant, and *Tom* alone, he told them ſo much of his own adventures as related to this villain, but prudently ſtopped there, not at all accounting for his preſent condition, ſo that they imagined he had again found his parents. Their reſentment at ſo baſe, ſo wicked an action, carried them out into exclamations againſt the villain; and the Captain added—how juſt is providence—who has permitted you to ſee the miſerable death of your perſecutor! I am convinced that, in crimes of an enormous nature, heaven moſt commonly puniſhes the criminal even in this life. And now having properly manned the two pyrate veſſels, they ſtood on their courſe, and without any other interruption ſafely arrived in fourteen days more at *St Pierre* in *Martinico*, where the priſoners were put on ſhore; and in ten days after, all but fourteen, who appeared to be forced, were condemned at a court of admiralty. Only two days intervening between the paſſing ſentence and the execution of it; *Tom* viſited once more the priſon

Williamſon, to ſee if haply he knew any thing of his parents. He now found him lamenting the errors of his life—reſigned to his fate, but full of terror and apprehenſion of futurity. The minute he entered the dungeon where he was chained—he cried, thank God, Sir, you are come—I acknowledge I am the wretch you ſuſpected me to be—that helpleſs innocent has weighed my guilty ſoul down to hell, ever ſince, and I have never had a moment's reſt—Oh! the tears ſtanding in his eyes, all over convulſed,—how can I expect pardon of God that had no mercy upon an infant! If it is in the power of that infant to ſpeak peace to you in your departing moments, *Tom* replied, I freely forgive you—though you made me miſerable—I am that child—preſerved through all the evils you expoſed me to—and to merit pardon of heaven, you ought to diſcloſe what you know farther of my parents or my name, or any thing you know relating to me.—For ſome minutes he kept wildly gazing at him, without reply—at length, his very irons rattling with the convulſive ſtarts of his body—he roared out, oh! I feel the pains of hell already! I am damned for ever!—Oh! would to God the minute I firſt ſaw you had been my laſt—that face of thine will hurl me to deſtruction! Then recovering himſelf a little, oh! I never knew nor

heard of your parents—I took you from *Lincoln's-inn fields*—as to be ſure *Barlow* has told you, and when I had ſold you I was too wicked to trouble my head about you again—but the righteous God has curſed me ever ſince—twice I was ſhip-wrecked—totally ruined—at laſt turned pyrate, and you'll have the pleaſure to ſee me hang'd—damnation! do you want more ſatisfaction—then know I ſhall be damn'd eternally—I feel hell flames already. Thus the wretch went on, and though the good youth endeavoured to calm his mind and bring him again back to the good diſpoſition he ſeemed to ſhew at his entrance, it was all in vain, he continued to curſe, ſwear and blaſpheme, and even to wiſh he could finiſh all his crimes by daſhing his brains out, and was ſo outragious that he concluded the ſight of him and the ſenſe of his complicated crimes had turned his brains. At the gallows he would ſay nothing, but died with execrations in his mouth—a juſt example of the righteous vengeance of heaven!

Theſe things made *Tom* very melancholy, he lamented that a fellow creature ſhould launch ſo deſperately into eternity, and now concluded the recovery of his parents quite impoſſible and impracticable. However, he would often ſay to himſelf, whereſoever you

are, ye authors of my being, if grief for my loss did not instantly destroy you, may heaven calm your sorrows, and help you to forget your son—a son that will continue to behave so in this life—as to entitle him to the knowledge of you—if souls hereafter know each other—in a better and happier state! These thoughts, together with his distance from his charming *Fanny*, and his uncertainty with regard to her and his friends in *Maryland*, insensibly threw him into a deep melancholy, and it required all his art to support the weight of conversation, which now was more than ever courted, as his strange story had spread about the island, where the ship staid near two months, in which time he received the greatest honours and civilities from the Governor, and all the principal inhabitants. At last they set sail, and arrived safely at *Brest*, on *December* the 11th, in the year 1721, and he again set foot upon *European* ground, after an absence of twenty-four years. The Chevalier *d'Aville* immediately sent the Governor of *Canada*'s packet to court, together with an account of his prisoner's noble behaviour on board, and requested orders in what manner to act to him, and advised *Tom* to employ a solicitor there, who might, for an handsome present, solicit in his favour with his Majesty, and named to him, for that purpose, a certain *Abbe*

who had much the ear of the miniſter. He told this good friend he would be ruled in all things by him, and accordingly having changed his bill of a thouſand livres, *D'Aville* diſpatched a truſty agent to the *Abbe* with a ſtate of the caſe, and a preſent of a bill for three hundred livres. In ſhort this was the right way of going to work, for, in a fortnight's time, a letter arrived to the Captain from the Intendant of the Marine, to let his priſoner have his freedom, and this favour, without further trouble, was owing as well to the report of the Governor of *Canada* and Captain *D'Aville* as to the interceſſion of the *Abbe*. And now being once more his own maſter, he was prevailed upon to take a tour with *D'Aville* to *Paris*, charmed at every ſtep with this new appearance of things, fine churches, ſtately palaces, populous towns and cities, ſplendid equipages, and the hurry and buſtle of commerce, to all which he had hitherto been a ſtranger, but he ſoon became acquainted with men and things, and as he had never ſeen *England* ſince his infancy, and ſpoke *French* ſo perfectly, and had been ſo long uſed to their manners, he appeared in every thing like a native of the country, and was generally taken for one. He waited upon *Alexander* the banker, the day after his arrival, and, to his great joy, found a letter from his agent in *Virginia*, another

from the agent's correſpondent in *London*, inviting him to *England*, and the bill of credit he had ordered, which had lain near ſix weeks at *Paris*. His friend's letter gave him an account of his having paid his draughts from *Quebec*, and receiving his long letter ſafe and unopened, the contents of which he hoped he had complied with to his ſatisfaction. He lamented his misfortunes, but adviſed him to comfort himſelf under them, and promiſed to be a faithful ſteward in his abſence, wiſhing him all the pleaſures that *Europe* could afford; but what intereſted him above all was, that he acquainted him, ſoon after the receipt of his letter one Mr *Ferguſon*, from *Senepuxon*, had been to enquire after his welfare, and that when he heard he was a priſoner with the *French*, he was greatly affected; but rejoiced to hear he was in health, and that he left a letter with him, which he ſent by another veſſel with a duplicate of his own. This advice called all his tenderneſs up into his eyes, and he reſolved very ſoon to go to *England* and take paſſage for *Maryland*, his ever beloved *Maryland*. His chagrin at not receiving this letter of his kind tutor's, which would have eaſed all his uncertainties, was inexpreſſible —but it could not be, for in a letter from the merchant in *London*, he underſtood afterwards, that the ſhip it was ſent by was burnt

accidentally at ſea, few of the men eſcaping with their lives. Though the ſituation of his mind diſpoſed him more to retirement than company, he could not decline attending the generous Captain of the *Flora*, who led him to court, to all the public places and curioſities about *Paris*, and was never tired of doing him good offices; but he being at length obliged to attend his duty at *Breſt*, *Tom* once again was left to himſelf, to brood over his melancholy ideas. He would have faſtened a very genteel preſent upon him, in return for his noble treatment in the paſſage and ſince; but he would not hear of it, ſaying, you gave up your ſhare of the prizes to us, and that was enough, you ought to have had a thouſand livres, and they parted promiſing to preſerve each other in memory. And now as *D'Aville* was gone, and with him the ſervant that uſed to attend them both, he retired to the houſe of a widow gentlewoman in the *quartier de Louvre*, there to board, for he had a natural antipathy to entertaining a *French* ſervant. Here he employed himſelf in acquiring a knowledge of the *French* literati, and in making a collection of the beſt books in that tongue, with the pompous *Dauphin* editions of the claſſics, all which he ſent to the merchant in *London*, from whence he propoſed to carry his whole purchaſes of that ſort as a library for himſelf

and his friends in *Maryland*, where no ſuch treaſure had ever before been ſeen. One day as he was curiouſly viewing the labours of the great *Blondel* over the gate of St *Anthony*, a coach with a gentleman and two ladies paſſed him, and on a ſudden he heard the gentleman order the driver to ſtop, of which he took little notice, ſtill continuing to look at the devices over the middle poſtern of the gate; but he was ſoon awakened from his reverie by a ſtrenuous embrace, and theſe words—I were the moſt ungenerous wretch breathing could I forget my dear deliverer Captain *Matthewſon!* The ſound of this name, which he had ſo long ſtudiouſly concealed, made him tremble; but when he had looked at the perſon who pronounced it, the joy of his heart was viſible in his eyes, and, returning his embrace, he replied,——and I ſhould be very unhappy had I not endeavoured to deſerve the friendſhip and remembrance of my dear Chevalier *Du Cayle*, for that young nobleman it really was. So unuſual a ſight in that quarter of the town, where the people are naturally curious, drew a great many gazers about them, ſeeing which *Du Cayle* taking him by the hand, and leading him to the coach ſaid, Come Sir, let me entreat you to accompany me to my *Hotel*, in this coach is a lady that has the greateſt obligations to you, as well

as myſelf. It was no time to refuſe this favour, and therefore ſaluting the ladies with his uſual grace, and begging pardon for crowding them, he got in, and in a little time alighted with them at a ſuperb houſe in the *place du Dauphine*. As ſoon as they had entered a magnificent apartment, the Chevalier turning round to the eldeſt of the ladies, who ſeemed to be about twenty-five, ſaid, See, madam, the author of all our happineſs in the generous, the brave, the humane Captain *Matthewſon*; upon which he advanced to ſalute her, and afterwards the other lady, who both, particularly, expreſſed their pleaſure in ſeeing him, and the eldeſt ſaid, turning to *du Cayle*, Well, my Lord, this indeed is a happy moment—I have now my wiſh, which was, once at leaſt in my life, to ſee a man to whom I am ſo much indebted. To theſe compliments he replied with his uſual complacency and politeneſs, and in ſhort they all ſeemed charmed with their gueſt. After they had repoſed themſelves, *Du Cayle* aſked him what fortunate adventure brought him to *Paris*, upon which he gave them a detail of his misfortunes and tranſactions ſince, in a manner ſo engaging as finiſhed the conqueſt of the ladies hearts in his favour. *Du Cayle* ſympathized with him in his late diſtreſſes, congratulated him on his ſafe arrival, and concluded with in-

sisting upon his taking up his residence with him, during the rest of his stay at *Paris*. This request was backed by the two ladies, one the wife and the youngest her sister, and that very night, bidding adieu to the widow lady's, he removed to his new apartment, which was one of the most superb in the house, and where he was treated with the distinction of a prince.

The next morning, after breakfast, *Du Coyle* carried him into his closet whilst the ladies were dressing, and afresh embracing him, told him he retired on purpose to acquaint him with his adventures, from the time he so generously set him at liberty till now, and without staying for an answer pursued his discourse as follows: Full of gratitude, Sir, at your noble treatment of me and my companions, we got safely to *Moville* and from thence I hastened to *Quebec*, and had I staid a day longer from thence I had been undone. You must know, the lady who is now my wife, and the other, her sister, were the daughters of the late Governor of *Canada*, who at his decease left them sixty thousand livres each, in the hands of his brother, who is Superintendant of the Customs in that province. This uncle had formed a design of marrying them both, to his two sons their first cousins, men every

way diſagreeable, and both of them much ſuperior in age; but before the death of her father, my addreſſes proved acceptable, and my family and expectations rendered me a very powerful rival. In ſhort, we had agreed to ſteal a marriage, as we were both at age, when unfortunately orders came for me to join the detachment of the regiment, in which I was an officer, inſtantly, at *Moville*, where my father, as you know, commanded, which orders cruel honour obliged me inſtantly to obey, and we parted after ſhedding a flood of tears on both ſides; before I got to *Moville* I was overtaken by a truſty ſervant, who conjured me to be ſpeedy in my return, for that their uncle was uſing ſome very unwarrantable means to force his nieces to marry in my abſence. I was diſtracted at this intelligence; but what could I do? Love, though all powerful, was no excuſe for deſerting my poſt with infamy, and diſobeying the orders of a father. Therefore I ſent a letter by him, wherein I promiſed to be at *Quebec* the minute our expedition was over, and in the mean time preſcribed ſome rules to her, that I imagined would delay matters till my arrival. The reſt, till the time of my return again to *Quebec* you know already. When I arrived in town with my truſty companions, to loſe no time I ſent privately to know how matters

ſtood at the Superintendant's, and was ſoon informed that by repeated acts of tyranny and cruelty, and, at length, by the news of the death of me and my father, which he induſtriouſly propagated, he had prevailed upon them to give their hands to his ſons. I knew he had no other coercive power over them than what he had obtained by his relationſhip and his terrors; and that with regard to the article of marriage when at age, as my wife was, he had no manner of right to controul their inclinations, their father's will leaving them free in their choice. I therefore immediately waited on the Governor, pleaded my ſervices and the misfortunes of my family, made him my friend, and he immediately ſent for the young ladies and their guardian, who were all differently affected at the ſight of me, and my wife fainted away with joy and ſurprize. His Excellency then aſked them if they approved of marrying their couſins, to which, emboldened by my preſence, they both anſwered no; he then aſked my wife if ſhe choſe for an huſband the Marquiſs *Du Cayle*, to which ſhe replied with remarkable ſpirit—yes my Lord, and no one elſe. Upon this he ſent for his chaplain and we were married in his preſence, the uncle flinging away in anger and diſguſt. The Governor then permitted the youngeſt to chooſe another guar-

dian, and ſhe nominated me, and in a week afterwards both their fortunes were paid into my hands. The death of my father made my return to *France* neceſſary to take care of our paternal eſtate: This was the reaſon of my ſo ſuddenly quitting *Canada*, with my ſpouſe and ſiſter; and the large poſſeſſions of an uncle having devolved upon me ſince, I have no further temptation to rambling, but intend in my native country to enjoy the ſweets of eaſe, love and friendſhip. If any thing could add to the reliſh of my preſent enjoyments, it is the wiſh'd for, unexpected ſight of a gentleman, who is the author of all my felicity; we talked of you almoſt every day, with grateful remembrance, and my ſpouſe even longed to ſee you, and providence at length, in this unexpected manner, has granted our deſires. And now, my dear friend, I ſhall have it in my power to repay your invaluable favours in the manner my heart dictates, and, but that I remember you informed me your affections were engaged, would court you to a nearer alliance with me by a marriage with my ſiſter, who you may perceive has wit and beauty, and whoſe fortune is not contemptible. At this concluſion, they again embraced each other, and Captain *Matthewſon* made the warmeſt return for his kind and unmerited offer; but let him ſo much into his ſtory

as to convince him he could not accept of it. He ſaid however the handſomeſt things imaginable of the young lady, and they vowed an eternal friendſhip for each other. It was very opportunely that the Marquiſs came to this explanation; for his ſiſter's repoſe began to receive ſome diſturbance from the ſoft impreſſions, the merit and beauty of *Matthewſon* had made upon her heart; but when her brother let her into his engagements, ſhe ſtrove betimes to overcome a paſſion that could not poſſibly meet with any return from the object of it. Whilſt he ſtaid with *du Cayle*, who with his wife and ſiſter did every thing to make his abode agreeable, he was informed that a ſhip was ready to ſail from *Marſeilles* to *Quebec*; this intelligence brought to his remembrance the favours he had received from the Baron *Detonville* at *Moville*, and the good Governor at *Quebec*, and he beſought his friend and his lady to aſſiſt him in preparing magnificent preſents for the former, and a token of his gratitude to the latter, of ſuch things as would prove agreeable and uſeful from *Europe*, which he put on board the veſſel with a letter to each, expreſſing his acknowledgments for their favours, and begging to have advice of their health and welfare, directed to his agent in *Virginia*. And now he thought it high time to think of viſiting his native country, of

which though he had no remembrance, and to which though he thought he had no tye, yet a longing that it not to be expreſſed dwelt upon him, to ſet his foot on *Engliſh* ground—a longing not dictated ſo much by curioſity, as by a certain ſtimulus that he could not account for, ſo true is what is ſaid by *Qvid*,

Neſcio qua natale ſolum dulcedine cunctos
Ducit, et immemores non ſinit eſſe ſui.

And having taken leave of all his friends, for that purpoſe, and parted with *du Cayle*, his wife and ſiſter, who accompanied him to *Calais*, and ſhed tears at his departure, and forced upon him ſome preſents of great price as tokens of remembrance; he embarked in the packet, and after a ſmooth paſſage landed ſafely at *Dover*. The minute he got to a private apartment at his inn, he proſtrated himſelf and returned thanks to God, that had ſo miraculouſly preſerved him hitherto, for all his mercies, and once more beſought him, if it was his bleſſed will, that he might find out his parents. When all his baggage, which was now grown very conſiderable, was landed, he ordered it to be ſent to *London*, directing it to his friend's agent, whom he adviſed of his arrival, by the waggons which ſet out that very day, keeping only

one change of linen and a riding frock richly laced for his preſent uſe; and after he had ſeen all that was worth beholding in *Dover*, *Deal* and their neighbourhood, ſet out himſelf, with hired horſes and a guide, for that famous metropolis. He found himſelf quite revived with the ſight and enjoyment of *England*, charmed to the higheſt degree with her verdant plains, fruitful fields, riſing hills, and all the beauteous proſpects they afforded him. The people too were more to his genius and liking than the *French*, ſo that had his *Fanny* been with him, he would have taſted the higheſt ſatisfaction; but her diſtance, and the pain he was under about her, lay too heavy upon his mind to permit any untainted enjoyment. He was now thirty-one years of age, and perhaps as handſome a man as ever was ſeen, and his countenance had natively ſuch a mingled dignity and ſweet humanity, that it was impoſſible to look without loving him at firſt ſight. As he viſited every remarkable place, and often made excurſions out of the road, for twenty or thirty miles, to gratify his curioſity, his guide being a very intelligent clever fellow, it was near ten days before he got to *London*, where he put up at the *Talbot* inn in weſt *Smithfield* for the firſt night, and the next morning having diſcharged his horſes and his guide, with ſuit-

able acknowledgments beside his hire, he took a hackney coach, and ordered it to drive to *Aldburgh lane*, where the merchant resided to whose care he had been so much obliged, and who had been so punctual and diligent in his affairs, whilst he remained in *France*. The house was a very grand one, to which you entered by a large pair of gates, and went through a court yard, surrounded on every side with warehouses. His fine person and gay appearance, soon brought out a clerk from the compting house, without his giving farther notice of his arrival, whom he asked if the gentleman was within, and bid him tell him one *Matthewson* would be glad to speak with him. At the mention of his name the clerk bowed low, and said he was, and conducted him into a back parlour whilst he dispatched a footman to his master with intelligence of his guest. Ten minutes brought down stairs a fine looking man, seemingly about fifty, who approached him, welcomed him to town, and to every thing his house afforded, and seemed so taken with the young gentleman, that he could hardly remove his eyes from him. *Matthewson* on his side also felt a wonderful inclination to his host—nay even some tender emotions of pleasure that were near shewing themselves at his eyes.

After the first questions were over, he besought him to walk up into the dining room, where sat his lady, who seemed nearly of his own age, and who was as much struck with the sight of our adventurer as her husband, and as to *Tom*, he approached her with more reverential awe than ever he had a woman before. Breakfast was served up, and the lady, who as well as her husband was of a very melancholy cast of temper and seldom smiled, seeming as though they laboured under some distress of mind, told him, she hoped he would oblige them by accepting an apartment in their house, where he should receive all the attendance of the nearest relation, and that, though herself and her spouse did not take much pleasure in any thing this life could afford, they had relations and friends that were nearly of his own age, and would be proud of attending him to view the curiosities of the town. *Tom* returned her his thanks, was pleased with their conversation, which he enjoyed for the remainder of the day, and in the evening was shewn to an apartment that declared the opulence of its master, where he found all his baggage safe, and retired to rest with a mind full of the various and uncommon adventures of his life, and dwelling upon the idea of his lovely long lost *Fanny*.

The next day his kind hoſt and hoſteſs introduced their chief clerk to his acquaintance, who was a near relation, of a genteel carriage and perſon, and a generous and obliging turn of mind, and, in a little time, they conceived a perfect friendſhip for each other. Under his guidance he viſited every part of the city and ſuburbs, with its curioſities and entertainments of ſo many various kinds, and the adjacent country and villages, which for their pleaſing ſituation ſurpaſs any thing in *Europe*, ſo near a great and opulent city. In this manner ſeveral weeks paſſed away, and though *Tom*'s diſpoſition was very melancholy, yet he could not omit to gratify his reſearches into every thing remarkable, and, as the theatres furniſhed him with the moſt rational amuſement, he frequently ſpent his evenings there. Meantime he daily more and more ingratiated himſelf with the family, and conceived ſuch an affection for the merchant and his lady, that he whiled away his hours of retirement in their company, and they, who had no children, began to love him with the fondneſs even of parents. In the neighbourhood he never heard of any diſtreſs but he was ready to relieve it, contributed to the publick charities with munificence, and beſtowed his alms largely on the poor confined debtors in our priſons, a race of men, he would

often ſay, much more to be pitied than the ſordid mendicants that ſo croud our ſtreets and avenues. One night, as his friend and he were coming through *Lincoln's inn Fields*, a place he always took in his way when he went to the other end of the town, and in paſſing through which he often vented many a mournful ſigh, juſt beneath *Lincoln's inn* wall they heard the claſhing of ſwords, and three or four repeated blows, and at the ſame time the cry of murder!—murder! from a man's voice. The brave *Matthewſon* and his friend, without heſitation, drew their ſwords, and haſtening to the ſpot, found a gentleman-like man upon the ground, and heard the ruffians, who had attacked him, running away at their ſeaſonable approach. His ſword hilt was in his hand, which, inſenſible as he was, he graſped with great force, and the blade lay ſhattered in ſeveral pieces beſide him, his hat and wig was gone; but as they could diſcover no blood, they apprehended he was only ſtunned and not wounded. So indeed it fortunately proved, for, having raiſed him up between them, and endeavouring to convey him to ſome tavern in *Holborn*, he came ſo far to himſelf as by ſeveral indications to diſcover that he was about recovering his ſenſes. With ſome difficulty at length they got him into the neareſt tavern, and ſending

for a ſurgeon he took ſome blood from his arm, which ſoon brought him to the perfect uſe of his reaſon. He then informed the company, in broken *Engliſh*, that he was a *French* gentleman, but a week before arrived in *England*, and that returning to his lodging in *Bloomſbury*, he had been attacked by four ruffians, who he believed intended to take his life as well as his purſe; that he had defended himſelf till they had broke his ſword by their bludgeons, and was knocked down, and ſuppoſed, to the two worthy gentlemen that brought him there, he was obliged for his life; and then returned them his thanks in the moſt grateful and polite manner. Whilſt he was talking thus, *Tom* eyed him with a very viſible ſurprize and amazement, he ran him over from head to heel, and, at length advancing ſuddenly to him, and flinging his arms about his neck, he cried in *French*,—thank God! that has made me thus an inſtrument in preſerving the life of a dear and valued friend! Ah Captain *D'Aville* is it you, to whom I have ſo many obligations? 'Twas indeed that gentleman himſelf, who raiſing himſelf, with the utmoſt aſtoniſhment in his countenance, ſaid—I am indeed *D'Aville*—that happy *D'Aville* who has thought of nothing but his excellent *Matthewſon* ſince he has been in this town!—Happy! happy event!

bleſſing of life is endeared by the hand that beſtowed it. Their behaviour was ſo tenderly moving that it drew tears from the eyes of the ſpectators,—they went into a private room, Mr *Perkins*, the name of *Tom*'s new friend, was introduced to the Captain, who again and again repeated his acknowledgments, and he yielded to their entreaties of going home with them to *Abchurch lane*, where he was received by the family with the ſincereſt teſtimonies of reſpect, on account of their eſteemed gueſt.

When they retired to reſt, *Matthewſon* once more expreſſed to *D'Aville* the joy he felt in beholding him, and having ſeemed to wonder at his being in *England*, the generous *Frenchman* gratified his curioſity by the following relation.

The Adventures of JAQUES AUGUSTIN D'AVILLE.

YOU will no doubt be ſurprized, when I acquaint you that neceſſity, and not curioſity, my dear friend, brought me into this country; but to make the matter plainer to you, I will begin my ſtory from my very birth.

I was the ſon of the Sieur *D'Aville*, intendant of *Normandy*, and was born at *Rouen*, in the year 1684. My father was rich, in great authority, and my mother was one of the beſt families in *France*, and, as I was an only child, I was bred up in all the ſplendor and elegance that high birth and great fortune could beſtow. At a proper age I was ſent to the univerſity of *Aix* in *Provence*, went through my ſtudies with applauſe, which were directed, by my father's order, to the civil law, and I complied with his injunctions in that particular, though mathematics was my favourite ſcience, and a deſire of wandering at ſea, the longing of my ſoul. At twenty-two I became an advocate of parliament in my native city, but ſtill the wrangling of the bar was my utter averſion, and what encreaſed it, was the arguments of my uncle the famous Count *Forbin*, whoſe merit and ſucceſs at ſea has been applauded all over the maritime world. I ſhort, I ventured to tell my father and mother, that I reſolved to quit the law for arms, and beſought him to uſe his intereſt to get me promotion in his Majeſty's ſervice. Long they combated my inclination with all the arguments in their power, but finding it ineffectual, at length they permitted me to go a voluntier; and, during the late war, I acted with ſuch ſucceſs, that I, [illegible]

few years, was promoted to the command of a ſhip of the firſt rate, and have ever ſince dedicated myſelf to the ſervice of my king and country in various parts of the globe. My mother died in two years after I went firſt to ſea, and though by her death I came to the immediate poſſeſſion of an eſtate of five hundred livres *per annum*; yet I found myſelf involved in numberleſs difficulties by her loſs, which I mourned with ſincere grief. My father, whoſe birth was not very elevated, was naturally of a ſordid covetous temper; but his love and eſteem for my mother had kept it within tolerable bounds hitherto; it now ſoon began, after her deceaſe, to flame out, and one of the firſt inſtances I perceived of it, was as odd an one as ever I believe was heard of. When the funeral was over, and matters a little ſettled, he called me one day into his office, and ſaid—*Jaques!* this little thing you poſſeſs, by your mother's death, I fear will make you extravagant—Come, come, I know the management of money better than you—Your pay, and my houſe and table are ſufficient for the ſubſiſtence of a young man—Here, I'll buy it of you—here's one thouſand livres for your immediate uſe—its time enough at my death for you to be burdened with the charge of money.—I was quite aſtoniſhed at his mean propoſal; but

I loved him, and imagined I ſhould never want whilſt he lived; and that I ſhould enjoy his whole immenſe fortune at his death, and therefore, without heſitation, took the money, ſigned the inſtruments, which depending upon my compliance, he had got ready, to make my right over to him, and he received it with as much avidity as if it had been ſaved from the fire, and the next day borrowed five hundred of my thouſand livres, which I could never get again from that time to the hour of his death. Thus my father cunningly chouſed his child, laughing in his ſleeve at my folly, and yet he loved me——I was his only ſon and heir—had been guilty of few extravagancies or follies, and was eſteemed by all that knew me. Can there be a meaner or more degrading vice than avarice, which deadens and deſtroys all the tender ties of nature, and deforms the beſt and moſt valuable properties? My father was no bad man; but his paſſion after money—his deſire of beholding heaps of gold that he had not the heart to touch, obliterated his good qualities, made him unnatural, brutiſh, and cruel, and commit follies that he did not live to atone for. Madame *Humieres* was the widow of the preſident of that name, and was poſſeſſed, by his death, of one hundred and fifty thouſand livres; and though ſhe was only forty,

and my father near ſeventy, he reſolved to make himſelf miſerable for the few remaining days of his life, by marrying her; in order to which he tempted her with a jointure of more than double what ſhe could expect from any match in the province. Here he caught a *Tartar*, however—the lady was as cunning as he was, and full as covetous, and contracted the obligation with him, in hopes of being the longeſt liver, which was the very motive he went upon himſelf, and explained to me, to make me eaſy under the match. I was cut to the quick at this inſtance of dotage, and ſaw, with a grief equal to deſpair, that I was likely to loſe all my father's poſſeſſions, which, except a thouſand livres a year of paternal eſtate, was all ſubject to his arbitrary deviſe. But I was afraid to remonſtrate—I was wholly in his power, and therefore aſſiſted at the wedding with a tolerable good grace. As my father had an only ſon, ſo this ſecond wife had an only daughter, who was ſome years younger than me, of a charming temper and beautiful as an angel. Her the old gentleman formed a ſcheme for me to marry, and ſo become a joint poſſeſſor of both their fortunes. This indeed would have been a real happineſs, if it could have been brought about, and the lovely *Janette*, which was her name, ſoon made a deep impreſſion upon

my heart, and felt for me a ſincere and mutual paſſion. In ſhort, in a few weeks, I began to bleſs a match which was likely to make me the happieſt man in the univerſe, when a baleful cloud overſhadowed my reviving proſpects, and plunged me into many ſubſequent misfortunes, which yet I have not been able to weather. The firſt blow we received was a ſeparation; for my mother had entertained ſuch thoughts as made her look upon her growing love with diſlike, and therefore, poor *Jannette* was ſent as a penſioner to a nunnery, to which I was obliged to accompany her, by the orders of our mother and our father, who was become the dupe and ſlave of his wife, and fearful to oppoſe her will, and we took leave of each other, ſhedding unfeigned tears on both ſides. At firſt I imagined this was ſolely intended for her further improvement in her education; but I ſoon was convinced that my mother-in-law had looked upon me with amorous eyes, and ſhe tempted me, by the moſt lucrative offers, and the moſt inticing arts, to ſatisfy her inceſtuous paſſion. I muſt own I was quite aſtoniſhed at her behaviour and her declarations, and at firſt endeavoured to recall her to reaſon by the mildeſt and moſt forcibly prevailing arguments; but it was all in vain, and, in ſhort,

I was ſo peſtered with her continued ſollicitations and entreaties, that I made her ſeveral rough returns, and at length determined intirely to quit the houſe; for which purpoſe I applied for a ſhip at court, and obtained the command of the *Argonaute*, bound to her ſtation at *Guadaloupe*, after having lived on ſhore near two years. My father, who did not love to ſee me out of the way of getting money, applauded my reſolution; but his wife was filled with rage and fury; and, after upbraiding me in the coarſeſt terms, for my inſenſibility, as ſhe ſtiled it, ſhe told me I ſhould repent my uſage of her all the days of my life, adding, as to your favourite, your *Jannette*, you ſhall never ſee her more—had you complied with my deſires, perhaps it would have been the beſt ſtep you could take to her poſſeſſion. I was ſo ſtunned with this wicked ſpeech, that I remained unable to reply, and quitted the houſe, after taking leave of my poor deluded father, with horror and deteſtation; but I found one part of her menace immediately fulfilled, for going to the nunnery to take leave of my fair, I found ſtrict orders were given, that we ſhould not ſee each other, nor could I any way get a letter conveyed to her, ſo that I departed to *Rochfort*, where my ſhip lay, like one unbleſſed, and ſailed in a few days for my ſtation, the

der the greateſt torture of mind imaginable. Three years I remained in *America*, and though there I had ſeveral advantageous propoſals of marriage made me, I could by no means obliterate the remembrance of the lovely cauſe of all my pains and ſollicitudes, nor did my father, in the two or three letters I received from him, during my abſence, ever condeſcend to anſwer any enquiries I made after her, which I ſuppoſed was owing to the inſtructions of his precious wife. No wonder then, that I longed to return to *Europe*, and that I received the orders for that purpoſe, as a mandate ſent from heaven for my relief. We arrived ſafe at *Breſt*, and as ſoon as my ſhip was got into the dock to receive the neceſſary repairs, I procured a leave of abſence from court, to return to my native province. My father who was alive, but very feeble, I found ſtill the ſame avaricious man; and he received me ſo coldly, that I ſoon diſcovered his weakneſs had been impoſed upon to my prejudice. I was at no manner of loſs for the ſource of it, and in the firſt motions of my reſentment was going to declare all that had paſſed between my mother-in-law and me, to him, but recollecting how much it might haſten the few remaining ſands of his life, my pity towards him obliged me to deſiſt. It was not long before an old ſervant, that

loved the memory of my mother, let me ſtill further into the cauſe of this unuſual ſtrangeneſs, by convincing me that his new miſtreſs had played her cards ſo well, as to cajole him to cut me off entirely of his perſonal eſtate, and to make her his ſole executrix and reſiduary legatee. As to her, ſhe uſed me hardly with common civility, and whenever ſhe met me, which ſhe ſeldom did, it was with the eyes of a fury. The unhappy *Jannette* I found had been removed from the nunnery and was conveyed, nobody could tell me how or where, by her mother's orders, who ſtill gave me ſome ſpeaking hints, that ſhe would be reconciled to me upon the ſame abominable conditions, I had ſo many years ago refuſed and ſhuddered at. With regard then to the affairs of my family and my love, I found myſelf very miſerable, and imagining a woman of ſo laſcivious a conſtitution, that could tempt a ſon to commit inceſt with her, was hardly likely to confine herſelf to the arms of an old man, I ſet all my wits to work to find out ſome of her ſecret intrigues, in order to undeceive him in his opinion of her virtue; nor was it long before that all-powerful ſollicitor, gold, prevailed with one of her maids to betray to me an amour ſhe had with a Lieutenant of one of the *Irish* regiments quartered in our city, who, [illegible]

tain hour in the night repaired to the garden gate, where he was let in by his miſtreſs, and, in an adjoining ſummer-houſe, gratified her libidinous inclination. To two or three of theſe meetings I was an eye witneſs, concealed from their view by a grove of trees at ſome ſmall diſtance, and in the firſt ſallies of my fury, was going precipitately to diſcover myſelf and to make him pay for the diſhonour he did my father; but cooler thoughts came to my aid, and I now no longer wondered at the cruelty ſhe was guilty of to her daughter; for where ſuch paſſions reign in a woman's ſoul, ſuch inordinate deſires, all natural affection flies before them. I now, one morning, deſired the old gentleman to take a turn in the garden, before madam was up, laid open what ſhe had ſo long ago propoſed to me, the injury he had done me through her means, in its proper colours, and promiſed to make him an eye-witneſs to her adultreſs infidelity. He was ready to drop at this recital, and told me, ſternly, if I did not ſatisfy him that very night, that my ſuſpicions were true, he would not only diſinherit me, but never ſuffer me again to ſet foot in his houſe. Well, Sir, I replied, I accept your condition with all my heart. The night came, but, as ill fortune would have it, neither of them appeared, which I was afterwards in-

formed was owing to the double dealing of the aforesaid maid, to whom having imparted my design, she sold the secret again to her mistress, at a larger price than I had given her for her's, without bringing herself at all into the scrape, saying, I had found the matter out accidentally, and that she overheard me and my father talking of the design. My confusion was extreme, after keeping the old gentleman up, most part of the night, to find myself disappointed, and the consequence was, that he looked upon it as a villainous scheme of mine, to set him at variance with his wife, for my own purposes; and, in short, forbid me ever again entering his doors. I immediately left the house, with sorrow and indignation, and became so sick of my native country that I exchanged commands with the Captain of the *Flora*, in order to banish myself at as great a distance as possible from it, and had been four years out when you arrived with me at *Brest* from *Canada*. I had determined not to go to *Normandy* again, and when I left you at *Paris*, to repair to my ship, resolved to accept the first command, of again leaving the nation, but an accident prevented me, providentially, from the execution of it. As I was again ordered for *Canada* I had directions to take on board some families that were going there to settle, with

their ſervants, and as they came upon deck, ſurveying them, one by one, who ſhould I diſcover amongſt them, to her great confuſion, but the quondam maid, that after betraying her miſtreſs, had alſo betrayed my deſign upon her, and diſappointed my revenge. I had prudence enough to conceal my knowledge of her in public, and at night ſending for her to my cabin, ſhe fell on her knees, owned her baſeneſs, and full of fear and trembling told me if I would pardon her, ſhe could do me infinite ſervice. I did not ſuffer her to go on, but with precipitancy, aſked if my father was alive. No, Sir, ſhe replied, he has been dead a year and more, and your mother-in-law is not only in poſſeſſion of all his perſonal eſtate; but, for want of your appearance, of the real one that belongs to you. I could not help ſhedding tears at the news of my father's deceaſe, notwithſtanding his unkindneſs, and, after ſome pauſe, aſked her what ſervice ſhe propoſed to do me, to attone for her faults. Sir, ſhe replied again, I can help you to news of madam *Jannette*, to the poſſeſſion of your father's whole fortune, and to the puniſhment of his murderers, for he died, indeed, by poiſon. I ſhuddered at this laſt expreſſion—it was not ſtrange I had never heard of my father's death, as in a moody melancholy manner, I ſh[illegible]

avoided all enquiry, and as I preſume the letters my relations in *Normandy* ſent me, on the occaſion, miſcarried, through my ſo often ſhifting my cruizes from one part of *America* to the other, which was my enducement for exchanging into the *Flora*. Never was aſtoniſhment greater than mine, when this creature told me he was poiſoned by his wife, at the inſtigation of her *Iriſh* paramour, who was now in garriſon at *Douay*, where my mother intended to follow him ſoon, and get him to throw up his commiſſion, and return with her to *Normandy*. That having been her acceſſary in the fact, with a man ſervant that was now her huſband; ſhe had given them two thouſand livres, on condition they went and ſettled at *Canada*, where he had ſome relations. She added, that ſhe had never been at reſt ſince the fatal deed, and believed, with her ſpouſe, that their coming on board my ſhip, was by the direction of heaven, in order to diſcover the murder: that they were ready to become evidences againſt my mother-in-law, if I would pardon them, and that *Jazette* was confined in an *Urſuline* nunnery, at *Caen*, where ſhe was uſed with great ſeverity to make her take the veil. You need not doubt my taking her at her word—I burned to revenge my father's death, and, ſending for the man, promiſed them both

my pardon, and to intercede for the king's, and, over and above, a great reward. They then informed me, that they had, by her order, put *arsenic* into his wine, for two nights successively; but it was not in sufficient quantity to take effect; and that, thereupon, their mistress had trebled the dose, and at the same time, in the night, run a bodkin through his ear, whilst he slept, which at once dispatched him, and that he was buried privately the next day, under the notion of having died of an apoplectic fit, which the good character she had maintained, and her known fondness for my father, with the grief she shewed at his death rendered not at all suspected. Good God! how just thou art! The inordinate desire of wealth, caused my father to marry this devil in human shape, and the crime he committed was his punishment! I immediately wrote to the Intendant of the Marine to resign my command, which being easily granted to my long and faithful services, with my evidences, who were really penitent for their misdeeds, I set out for *Rouen*, and being arrived, repaired to a friend's house whom I could trust, who had been my fellow student at the university, and was then first counsellor of the *Chatelet*; by his advice the next day, I appeared and claimed my patrimony, which the widow imme-

diately ſurrendered, and then we had her ſecured upon a *criminal proceſs*. When ſhe was given to underſtand her crime was known, ſhe ſhewed the utmoſt diſmay; but when the evidences againſt her were named, ſhe fainted away and ſoon prevented a public execution by poiſoning herſelf in priſon. Such was the exit of this unfortunate wretch; but as ſhe had been my father's wife, and was the mother of my *Jannette*, I gave her a funeral ſuitable to her rank, had ſhe trod the paths of virtue. By a ſentence of the great chamber, myſelf and *Jannette* were declared joint heirs to near eight hundred thouſand livres, and the lovely maid being abſent, I took upon me the management of both our concerns, till I could go to *Caen*, which I did, in a few days, and found her true, conſtant, and ſtill mourning like myſelf our forced abſence of ſuch a number of years from each other. We both deplored the fate of our parents, but could not help acknowledging the hand of divine juſtice in their fall. We were married, and began to live in the utmoſt happineſs, when *O'Shean*, the *Iriſh* Lieutenant, came to *Rouen*, not knowing of the fate of my mother-in-law. It had not been thought proper to bring him to the bar of juſtice, as no overt act could poſſibly be proved againſt him; but as I knew him to be one cauſe of the calamities

of our family, and every body elſe thought the ſame, I ſought him out, and, in a private rencounter, killed him. The edict againſt duelling being very ſevere, I was obliged to fly, and being a diſtant relation to our ambaſſador in *England*, choſe this for my place of reſidence, until I can obtain leave to return again into *France*, which will not I hope be long, as my two evidences, whom I procured pardon for, are ready to teſtify the occaſion, the juſt occaſion of our quarrel, which will be included in a memorial to the king; but happy beyond expreſſion I am, here to have met with ſo dear a friend, who has ſeldom been out of my thoughts, ſince I parted with him. Here the Captain ceaſed his melancholy relation, and was ſympathized with by *Tom* in the moſt cordial and engaging manner, and, to repay the good natured and friendly freedom he diſplayed in relating his ſtory, he, in his turn, let him into the knowledge of all the accidents of his life, at which he expreſſed an amazement beyond bounds, and ſincerely congratulated him upon his preſent ſituation, and hoped he would find his *Fanny* alive, and ready to reward his matchleſs fidelity. And now the Captain, Mr *Perkins* and *Tom* became inſeperable, the former, at their deſire, removing to lodge with them at the merchant's, where he was treat-

ed agreeably to his worth and fortune, and, they once more to oblige him, went over all the public and private places of reſort, curioſity and entertainment. In a month however, they were forced to ſeparate, for *D'Aville* at the inſtances of his great relations, and upon a true ſtate of the caſe, having obtained his king's pardon, took a tender adieu of his new friends, and after beſtowing very extraordinary marks of his bounty upon his ſervants, embarked on board a veſſel, in the port of *London*, bound for *Dieppe*, and once more returned to enjoy uninterrupted delight with his faithful *Jannette*, and ſoon after was created a Marquiſs, in conſideration of his great riches, and extraordinary merit, and had had the croſs of the order of St *Lewis* beſtowed upon him by his ſovereign. This late intercourſe with *D'Aville* had made *Tom* very converſant at the *French* ambaſſador's, where he and Mr *Perkins* continued to be highly careſſed; that nobleman being quite taken with their ſociety; and you may judge of *Tom*'s agreeable aſtoniſhment, when one day, entering his apartment, he beheld his old friend M. *du Cayle*, his wife and lovely ſiſter, who had juſt arrived from *France*, to take a tour through *England*. *Cayle* expreſſed his joy in the moſt lively terms, and the ladies cried the little ſickneſs of their late

voyage was all forgot in the ſight of Captain *Matthewſon*. He introduced Mr *Perkins* to them as his valued friend, and they received him with their uſual politeneſs, and promiſed, the next day, to take a dinner with them, at the merchant's, where now *Tom* took all the liberties of a ſon, and they began really to love him as if he ſtood in that tender relation to them; ſo that the next day a very ſuperb entertainment was provided, and the invited gueſts, together with the *French* ambaſſador and his lady, were treated with the munificence of a prince. *Perkins*, who was not much unlike *Matthewſon*, at the ſecond ſight of Madame *du Cayle*'s ſiſter, received impreſſions that diſturbed his repoſe, and that young lady, ſtruck with his perſonal perfections and his merit, after a few weeks courtſhip, with the entire conſent of her brother-in-law and ſiſter, became, to the great delight of *Tom* and all parties, the wife of the young merchant. A fortnight after the Marquis and his lady again embarked for *France*, having been in moſt of the principal cities and towns in *England*, and, at their arrival, remitted their ſiſter's fortune to Mr *Perkins*, who, being taken up in the delightful enjoyment of his new ſituation, once more left his friend ſome leiſure, to indulge the melancholy of his ſoul, and to ruminate over his diſtance from

his charming *Fanny:* Often would he ſigh and ſay to himſelf, oh! my beloved creature! how ignorant I am of what paſſes at this awful diſtance; perhaps, ere now, the auſterity of a father has broke thy heart!—perhaps, alas! an unwilling victim, thou art ſacrificed to the loathſome embraces of the odious *Carter*, in either of which caſes miſery is included, and certain death to me. Often he would with longing heart think of his beloved *Maryland*, his innocent *Senepuxon*,

Where jocund damſels, with their well
pleas'd mates,
Paſs the delicious moments, void of care,
And only ſtudy how to laugh and love,
Contented, happy, under Calvert's *ſway.*

and ſay, why do I loiter?—why have new friendſhips and new connexions delayed me from the ſight of all that can conſtitute my happineſs, that to me is valuable in this world? Ah! I'll fly to your arms, my dear mother! my excellent *Fanny!* my eſteemed and valued friends! and no more be ſeparated from your embraces! oh! how many years abſence have I endured!

Theſe thoughts inſpired him with an immediate deſire to take his leave of his *Eng-*

liſh friends. The merchant and his wife were now his only ſociety, and the melancholy that ſeemed to cloud all their enjoyments, flattered his own diſpoſition. As yet, they had never ventured to aſk him, even what countryman he was, nor any of the events of his life, and he, with equal gentility and diſtance, refrained enquiring into the misfortune that ſeemed to hang ſo heavy on their minds; but one evening, as they were ſitting together, and the diſcourſe rolled upon their friends in *Virginia*; ſhe aſked him, after begging his pardon for her freedom, if he was born there. No, madam, he replied—I was born in *London*; but left it very young. In *Maryland* I was brought up, and ſince that my life has been that of a wanderer, expoſed to various and great misfortunes! Perhaps greater than any other perſon ever experienced! ſomewhat, he could not tell what, prompted him to this freedom, in ſhort, he had ſuch a liking and eſteem for the perſons he was talking to, that he thought they had a ſort of right to his ſecrets! Ah, Sir, the lady returned, the tears ſtanding in her eyes—no condition is exempt from troubles—I have had my ſhare of them too—Ay, but the huſband put in—That ſo young a man ſhould be expoſed to the ills of life—is my wonder, eſpecially bleſſed as Captain *Matthewſon* is, with the

goods of fortune. If the goods of fortune, Sir, ſhe returned to her huſband, could exempt us from miſery, you and I never had occaſion to mourn—here the gentleman put in, with a forced ſmile, ſaying, come my dear, we muſt endeavour to forget our griefs—its rude to entertain a gentleman in this manner—mirth and jollity and the gratification of his curioſity, are what he ſhould always be treated with, who has come ſo far to reviſit *England*. Oh, Sir, *Tom* returned,—to a man like me, who ſoon after his birth ſtruggled with adverſity, and has continued to do ſo almoſt ever ſince, and who has two dreadful worms gnawing at his heart, every moment he lives, mirth and jollity have ever been diſagreeable—'tis true I ſeek the gratification of my curioſity and the improvement of my mind thereby, in my travels, becauſe I think it becomes a rational creature ſo to do, that he may be of more extenſive ſervice to that part of mankind, amongſt whom at laſt he takes up his abode. Otherwiſe conſtant gloom and melancholy—beſt befits a man (here the tears filled his eyes) a wretch who is even now ignorant of his parents—was robbed—cruelly ſeparated from them, and all their tenderneſſes, before he could ever know them!—At theſe words, which he could not help uttering with unaffected paſſion—the lady, ſtarting

wildly in her chair, cried out—the tears trickling down her cheeks, and almoſt devouring him with her eyes—Robbed of your parents, Sir, did you ſay—oh where!—can you tell where they dwelt—gracious heavens!—what do I hear!——Oh, madam, he returned—whilſt they both looked like pictures of wonder—all that I know is from the report of a villain, who ſince has met his puniſhment—he vauntingly in his cups, told another—and confirmed it to me ſince, before his death, that he took me from *Lincolns Inn fields*—at this word the lady fell back in her chair, and fainted away, with a deep ſigh, but he had not time to run to her aſſiſtance, for the merchant ſpringing to him and flinging his arms about him—cried oh! my ſon! my ſon! and fell ſenſeleſs upon the floor. Poor *Tom* could ſcarce ſupport himſelf—in the preſent whirle of his ideas—joy, aſtoniſhment, tenderneſs, grief, at the condition of theſe two perſons, whom yet he hardly dared to think were allied to him—cauſed nameleſs emotions in his boſom, and at laſt, unable to ſupport ſenſe any longer, he fell into the ſame ſtate, and with his fall gave ſo loud a ſtroke to the wainſcot, that the ſervants came running up to ſee what was the matter. Their amazement may eaſily be gueſſed when they ſaw their maſter, miſtreſs and their viſitor in this condition—

but they were ſoon acquainted with the occaſion, for the merchant coming firſt to himſelf—tenderly endeavoured to recover his wife, and then ran to *Tom*, uſing the endearing epithet of ſon, ſo often, that as they knew the misfortune of the family, they were ſenſible of the happy alteration of things. The lady at length opened her eyes, when both ran wildly and eagerly to *Tom*, who was now ſeated and ſurrounded by the domeſtics, endeavouring to recal him to life; but when they ſaw the blood trickle down his comely face, cauſed by the blow in his fall, they were near giving up the ghoſt in earneſt. The affectionate youth was long before he opened his eyes, and his boſom being unbuttoned to give him air, the diſtracted mother cried——oh! I forgot—one thing more, and I am happy—and bareing his breaſt, diſcovered the plain mark of a grape upon his left collar bone—at which ſhe afreſh exclaimed—oh merciful heaven!—'tis he—'tis my dear long loſt *Tommy*. The overjoyed father—was mean time ſo oppreſſed with the goodneſs of providence, that he was fallen upon his knees at the other end of the room and ſtriving to calm his tumultuous joy by prayer and thankſgiving. At length the young gentleman revived, and throwing his eyes around, cried faintly—Oh—where—where are they?

Here the raptured lady replied—here, thou cauſe of all our ſorrows—thou deareſt ſufferer—but we'll make thee amends for all thy diſtreſſes! At theſe words he diſengaged himſelf from the hands of thoſe who had ſupported him, and running to her, fell on his knees, crying, oh happineſs!—I feel—madam, you are—you are my mother!—Never was joy ſo complete, ſhe raiſed him up with a world of tenderneſs, and the father now coming forward, they almoſt devoured him with alternate embraces, which he returned with eagerneſs, but humble reverence. In ſhort, for ſome time—it was all a fond extravagance of paſſion—a madneſs of delight on all ſides. The ſervants ſoon ſpread the news throughout the houſe, buſineſs was at an end, and they divided themſelves into parties, to diſcourſe of this wonderful event. Joy and rapture filled every heart—for the good ſuperiors were intimately beloved by all about them. It was the next day before they could be calm and temperate enough to aſk one another many queſtions; but at length they deſired their recovered ſon, the only one they ever had, to recapitulate his adventures in the preſence of Mr *Perkins*, who was his firſt couſin, and his lady, which as he did, their hearts and eyes accompanied the mournful tale; now they are laviſh in their praiſes and pro-

tions of friendſhip and eternal eſteem, for Mrs *Barlow*, *Fanny*, Mr and Mrs *Ferguſon*, Mr *Gordon*, and the memory of Captain *Matthewſon*, and anon raving againſt the villains *Williamſon* and *Barlow*, the fate of the former of which they heard even without the leaſt compaſſion. When he had done, they, in their turn, related the ſorrow, terror and fear Mr *Anderſon*, for that was the name of his father, was under after he returned to the gate and found his ſon loſt; he roved about in ſearch of him all night, like a madman; and when Mrs *Anderſon* came to know of the accident ſhe fell ill and continued ſo a long time: They had been at ſome hundred pounds expence in advertiſing and ſending to all parts of the three kingdoms, to no purpoſe; but for ſome years they had reſigned themſelves to the diſpoſal of providence, ſtill worn away with inward grief, which had at laſt worked this miracle in their favour. They further informed him that his father had for ſome time reſolved to quit buſineſs, and for that purpoſe had lately purchaſed an eſtate in *Yorkſhire*, their native county, of 700 pounds a year, to which, and near 20,000 pounds in the funds, he was ſole and univerſal heir. That having few relations, and thoſe rich, if they had never been ſo happy to recover him, they had intended, after the

of the longeſt liver, to have left their fortune towards a proviſion for expoſed and deſerted young children. They mutually joined in returning thanks to God for his wonderful loving-kindneſs towards them, the father ſaying, he had met with even a greater mercy than *Jacob* did, in having his ſon *Joſeph* reſtored to him. All their relations, friends and acquaintance crowded to congratulate them, upon ſuch an unexpected event, and all admired the perſon, behaviour and abilities of young Mr *Anderſon*, whoſe parents every hour ſurveyed him with an encreaſe of tenderneſs, and could ſcarce bear him out of their ſight, and he, for ſome weeks, thought of nothing but how to render himſelf agreeable to them. His dear *Fanny*, abſence from whom was now the only care or concern he had, at length again reſumed her empire in his heart, and he found he muſt ſee her or die. One morning then being retired with theſe indulgent parents, he beſpoke them thus: Dear Sir, dear Madam, I have one only favour to beg of you —I am ſupremely happy in you, in every thing, providence has left me no wiſh to make with regard to fortune; but with regard to my mental enjoyment it can never be perfect unleſs I go to *Maryland* and [illegible] my adorable *Fanny* to your arms. [illegible] not deny your conſent——the lovely

er is wretched——if alas! ſhe lives, till my arrival. I ſhall then ſettle all my affairs there and in *Virginia*, and never leave you more. Ah ſon, his father replied—muſt we again loſe you then—yes—we muſt conſent—your happineſs is ours—and we long to embrace this amiable maid, and to call her daughter—and may that God—who has been ſo kind to us in every circumſtance—protect and ſend you back to our arms, with your *Fanny*, and as many of your friends as chooſe to live in *England!*—One of my own veſſels in now ready to ſail—of her you ſhall have the diſpoſal—and in *Virginia* you may finiſh my affairs as well as your own with Mr *M'Kenzie* (for that was the name of the young gentleman's faithful agent who had dealt with his father many years.) He was all gratitude at the ready compliance, and was ſoon ready to embark, with a large quantity of the richeſt preſents *London* could furniſh for his *Fanny* and his friends, and the library of books he had purchaſed in *France* and *England*, which he intended as a preſent for Mr *Gordon* and Mr *Fergu ſon*. His father ſent a diamond ring of great value to his intended daughter-in-law, and Mrs *Anderſon* a fine ſnuff-box of mother-of-pearl ſet in gold and adorned with jewels, and ſome of the richeſt ſilks to her, and Mrs *Barlow* and Mrs *Fergu ſon*. And now, after

a tender adieu, the father and mother, having quite quitted buſineſs to Mr *Perkins*, who was their nephew, and was charmed with this event, retired into *Yorkſhire* to their eſtate; and favourable winds and ſmooth ſeas brought their ſon in ſafety within ſight of the well known ſhores of *Maryland*. As *Senepuxon* inlet was but ſhallow, he adviſed the Captain to ſtand into the great bay of *Cheſapeak*; and caſt anchor cloſe to the eaſtern ſhore in *Magidi* bay, which they did accordingly, and they both, procuring horſes, ſet out, richly dreſſed, and attended by two ſervants in livery, for *Senepuxon*. They made ſuch expedition, that in leſs than two days they traverſed the two *Virginian* counties of *Northampton* and *Acomoco*, and entered *Worceſter* county in *Tom*'s beloved *Maryland*: And now being leſs than forty miles from the ſpot, where he was either going to complete his felicity or to be rendered eternally miſerable, a gloomy melancholy overwhelmed him—he longed, yet feared to approach his *Senepuxon*, leſt he ſhould hear ſome fatal tidings of his *Fanny* that might deſtroy his peace; but he was ſoon put out of his pain, for ſeeing a man riding towards them, as he came nearer and nearer, he recollected ſomewhat in his features that he thought he had ſeen before; but how overjoyed was he, when coming cloſe to him

he knew it to be the identical *Duncan Murray*, who had been his fellow ſervant at *Barlow*'s remote plantation. That honeſt fellow was ſome time before he could be convinced it was *Tom* himſelf; but when he was thoroughly aſſured of it, he broke out into rapture—which however the other would not ſuffer him to indulge—he put at once ſo many queſtions to him. A faithful lover may gueſs his ſituation, when he was anſwered that his dear *Fanny* was alive, and ſingle, as alſo Mrs *Barlow*; but that *Barlow* was dead, and his wife had diſpoſed of all his poſſeſſions, and lived retiredly with her daughter at Mr *Gordon*'s; that *Ferguſon* and his wife were alſo alive, and that they had been in daily expectation a long time of his return to *Maryland*. My friend, ſays Mr *Anderſon*, we'll waſte time no longer; but you have made me ſo happy, that it would be the heighth of ingratitude not to repay you, and ſo ſaying he put five guineas into his hand, and ordered him to call at Mr *Ferguſon*'s the firſt opportunity——Sir, ſays he—I live with that gentleman now, and am going upon his buſineſs. I am glad of it, the other returned—then I ſhall ſee you again without difficulty, and ſo they parted. The tone of Mr *Anderſon's* voice, the turn of his countenance ſeemed elevated upon this intelligence, and, clapping the Captain

on the ſhoulder, he ſaid, Now Sir, you'll have a better companion of me—I ſhall trouble you with ſighs and tears and melancholy no more—the lovely *Fanny*'s mine! Wings now ſeem'd added to their ſpeed, and in leſs than four hours they came within ſight of Mr *Ferguſon*'s; for there *Tom* firſt propoſed to alight, for fear of two much ſurprizing the two ladies. But his precaution was rendered abortive, for they happened to be that day there, and were at ſupper in a kind of alcove at the upper end of a long walk, on one ſide of the houſe, from whence they could ſee whoever entered it without being perceived themſelves, and were then expreſſing their wiſhes for his ſpeedy and ſafe arrival. Juſt at that moment the two gentlemen and their ſervants entered the walk, alighted and left their horſes to go round to the houſe by another way, whilſt they went up this well known ſhady grove. The appearance of two ſuch fine folks attracted all their regards—but *Fanny* could not be long ignorant who one of them was—no, that conſtant fair, as he approached nearer, perceived the air, gait and features of a man ſhe had ever before her eyes, and the ſurprize at ſo unexpected a ſight, threw her into ſuch an extacy of joy, that ſhe fell ſenſeleſs into her mother's arms, who then cried out—oh! it is my dear ſon!

Juſt at that inſtant the two gentlemen got ſight of the company, all of whom were known to one of them, upon which ſpringing forwards, with an eager pace, he was in a minute in the alcove, and ſoon ſeeing the reaſon of the diſorder they were in, cried oh! my dear friends, let me warm her into life,—look up my queen!—my lovely *Fanny!*—my wife!—by what tender name ſhall your faithful ſlave conjure you to hear him?—and, taking her in his arms, by his warm preſſure ſoon reſtored her to herſelf. Simple language is quite too low and faint to deſcribe the mutual raptures and delight of all preſent. In ſhort, nothing was to be heard for ſome time, but exclamations of excellent mother!—beſt of friends!—charming *Fanny!*—dear ſon!—worthieſt youth! and ſuch expreſſions as ſudden joy dictated to them all. *Fanny's* eyes ran over her accompliſhed lover with an eager and wild tranſport—*Tom* gazed upon the beauties of his *Fanny* with a ſoul full of love and deſire. At length he was compoſed enough to preſent his friend to them, whom they received with the utmoſt politeneſs, and all being ſeated, and ſupper over, of which the newcomers partook, Mr *Anderſon*, at their earneſt requeſt, immediately related his adventures to that moment, from the time he left them. They were ſeized with awe at the

exemplary puniſhment of *Williamſon*; but when he came to the diſcovery of his parents, there was not a dry eye in the company, and every one congratulated his good fortune. *Fanny* wept during the whole narration, at the concluſion of which her lover thus addreſſed her. At length, my love, you ſee at your feet (kneeling) the man that heaven intends to bleſs you; no more the fordid, deſpiſed, perſecuted ſlave, but the heir to a ſplendid fortune, and the poſſeſſor of ſufficient wealth of his own to make you happy.—Nothing remains but your hand, to make me the moſt eaſy, contented creature breathing—ſay, my lovely fair!—are you ſtill as well inclined as ever in my favour! I ſee, both looking at Mrs *Barlow*, our mother yields her conſent, and intends to recompence me for all my pains and ſufferings. The adorable creature, bluſhing like the morn, held out her hand, ſaying, —yes—my dear *Tommy*, ſuffer me ſtill to call you by that endearing name, my whole ſoul—my heart and every thing is your's, if my mother conſents to our mutual deſires. Yes, my love, that excellent woman replied —and may heaven bleſs and proſper you together, and on the day of your marriage, according to the will of your poor unhappy father, I will pay my ſon 8000l. Ah, madam, he returned, you are ever good and

beneficent—my late maſter I feared to mention, for I heard he was dead before I arrived—becauſe it might revive your ſorrows—but I long ago forgave him all that he acted againſt me. Mr *Ferguſon* and his wife and the good Mr *Gordon* joined the converſation, and the next day ſe'ennight was appointed for the latter to perform the matrimonial ceremony that ſhould unite the amiable pair for ever.

When the twilight grey had embrowned the duſky ſhades, Mr *Anderſon* taking his *Fanny* by the hand, (after the tendereſt endearments,) walked for ſome time in a neighbouring grove, and, being impatient to hear it, whilſt the nightingale was pouring out her mournful notes, beſought her to acquaint him with all that had happened for the many years of his abſence, which ſhe did in the following terms.

After we received your letters by our good Mr *Ferguſon*, from the plantation, I began to be ſomewhat eaſier in my mind, for my fears and cares about the welfare of my dear *Tommy* had juſt reduced me to death's door, and brought myſelf to wait with patience the diſpenſations of providence. Whilſt we were forming ſchemes, and pleaſing ourſelves with the thought of paying you fre-

quent visits, that excellent friend calling a second time at the plantation brought us the first tidings of your being sent from thence, which again involved us in the most grievous distress; but the little note you left with *Murray*, assuring us that you imagined you had fallen into good and kind hands, I endeavoured, once more, to wait the mercies of heaven in my favour. My father, after his return from the plantation with the two *Carters*, staid for some days at their house, and there was laid a scheme, in consequence of your being sent out of the way, that tended, had not providence interposed, to complete our mutual unhappiness. The Colonel, who had observed, at his several visits to our house, the coldness of my dear mother towards him, and had been informed by my father of her aversion to the match between his son and me; began to think, that if, by any means, I could be got out of her hands, and at a distance from her, my youth and inexperience would bend to his son's assiduities, sollicitations and presents, and accordingly inveigled my father into his design, of getting me to visit a niece he had, of near the same age with myself, and, when there, to keep me from returning again to my own house, till the marriage was performed. At first he seemed, hard-hearted as he was, somewhat shocked at

propoſal; but at length the arguments of my enemy prevailed, and it was agreed to put it in execution the next week. You may remember, that I had latterly entertained a fondneſs for a ſervant-maid we had, named *Martha*, who was indented to my father, and, after you was carried away from us, that good creature ſhewed ſuch a concern for your loſe, ſuch a tender care and regard of me and my mother, that ſhe entirely engaged my love and friendſhip, and became the repoſitory of all my ſecrets; of my paſſion for my *Tommy*, and my griefs and deſpair. My mother, who had obſerved ſomewhat mightily taking in the girl, encouraged me in my liking, and got my father to conſent to her conſtantly attending upon me, and doing no other buſineſs; which he did, after having, with a volly of oaths and execrations, wiſhed I had never had any communication with ſervants of the other ſex. To this confident I daily and nightly vented my complaints, and ſighed forth all the pains that tortured my boſom; to her I ever was talking of my dear wanderer's merit and perfections of body and mind, and reiteratedly renewed every oath and vow, to be true and conſtant to him, even under all the cruelties my tormentors could poſſibly inflict; leaning penſively on her arm, I uſed to traverſe every well-known

walk, and viſit every grove and ſhady retreat, where, innocently, we had enjoyed each other's ſociety; particularly, that fatal *Pine barren*, where my cruel father laid the foundation of all our ſucceeding misfortunes, by his fell barbarity to my deareſt youth and me. This companion of mine was thought an obſtruction to their project; but my father would, however, by no means hear of any attempts to ſeparate her from me, nor to take me away, without my mother's knowledge, which they had alſo gone ſo far as to hint the expediency of doing: No, that he thought was going too far; nor could he think, brute as he appeared, that now you was removed, my mother was ſo dreaded an obſtacle as they wanted to make her appear; but as to my viſiting Miſs *Betſy Oulton*, for that was the name of the Colonel's niece, for a few days, and even being detained by his own commands, and a ſtrict watch, he had no objection: His weakneſs and bad principles had not been worked upon ſo far, as to permit them to mention half the villainy they intended, to poor forlorn *Fanny*. However, one day after we had dined, he addreſſed my mother in this manner. See madam, that *Frank* has her things ready to-morrow, to accompany me to the Colonel's, and *Martha* ſhall go with her for a few days, to viſit *Bet Oulton*,

a girl, againſt whom your d—d ſqueamiſhneſs can have no objection I ſuppoſe, and I have been hunted a long time, to bring her over to ſee her; and, obſerving my mother turn pale and look very grave at theſe words, he added in his uſual ill-natured manner, What, d--n it—I ſuppoſe now you think ſome d---'d miſchief, or marriage is intended; but I tell you only a ſimple viſit is meant, and ſhe ſhall go, by G-d, that I am reſolved upon. My mother replied, Well Mr *Barlow*, your will muſt be obeyed I think then; but ſhe is quite a ſtranger to Miſs *Betſey*, and beſides I have heard ſome things of her, that make me think her no very elegible companion, for a young creature of prudence and virtue, as I am ſure your daughter is: I ſhall however ſay no more——I know your poſitive temper—but if any harm is intended to my child, God, who ſees all things, will I hope grant her his protection, and turn the mahinations of our enemies upon their own heads. Alas! you have made me miſerable enough already—you need not encreaſe my woes! At this concluſion, the tears ſtood in her eyes, and my foreboding fears had almoſt overcome me; but he deigned her no anſwer, and flung out of the room, curſing and [illegible]ing; and ſtung to the quick with her keen reproach, which he knew glanced at

you. She then endeavoured to chace away my apprehenſions, ſaying, ſhe could not imagine any ill was meant me, as *Martha* was ſuffered to accompany me, and gave her a ſtrict charge never to be abſent from the room where I was, upon any account. The night was ſpent by my mother and me, in conjectures of the reaſon of this command, and the morning found me ſtill awake, and ruminating over all the gloomy proſpects that my buſy fancy ſet before me. At ten, after breakfaſt, at which my father put on a forced good humour, as it plainly appeared, he commanded us to mount the horſes he had prepared for us, which, after taking a tender farewell of my mother, and tears ſhed on both ſides, we did, and ſet forward on our journey; for the Colonel's was ſome hours ride from our houſe.

For a long time we rode in ſilence, not a word iſſuing from my father's mouth, and as to my part, I was too full of diſmay and fear, at being obliged to enter the houſe of my odious enemies, which I alſo thought was in ſome ſmall degree forfeiting my obligations to you, and breaking through the conduct I had preſcribed myſelf; but oh! what would have availed all my reluctance, all my tears and prayers, with this tyrannical father? who at length broke out into

praiſes of young *Carter*, principally deduced from his wealth and the poſſeſſions he would enjoy, and finally told me, that if I would oblige him by giving my conſent to marry him, he would not only forgive me all that was paſt, but I ſhould have every penny of his fortune at his death; which, if I continued deaf to his entreaties, he would ſooner leave to a mere ſtranger, than to one who had given him ſo much vexation. I had never before aſſumed courage enough to expoſtulate with him; but, upon this fair opening, I was reſolved, let the conſequence be ever ſo dreadful, that he ſhould know my real ſentiments, and my ultimate reſolutions. My dear father, I replied, what have I done that you want to ſend me for ever from the arms of my mother, and from your cares! I have ever, to the beſt of my remembrance, behaved with duty and reverence to you, and cannot yet bear the thought of parting with my parents. Let me Sir, oh! let me ſtill live with you, watch your deſires, and obey your commands, with ready attendance, and let me not be forced to give my hand, where I can never ſurrender my heart. Mr *Carter*, no doubt has ſome good qualities; but neither his manners nor his behaviour ſuit with me, and it is utterly impoſſible I ſhould ever love him, with the affection of a wife. Why will you

make me miſerable, my dear Sir, and why muſt all my future repoſe be ſacrificed to a darling whim of other people. Believe me, Sir, ſo far as reaſon and religion obliges me, I'll ever ſhew you a ready obedience; but will either inform me, that I muſt ſacrifice my preſent and eternal peace and happineſs to gratify the vanity of one perſon, or the pride and way-ward inclination of another? no, my father, you are too good, and I'm ſure love me too well, to inſiſt upon this condition—I will behave with becoming decency where you have obliged me to go—but I muſt declare, that rather than marry Mr *Carter*, I'll go a virgin to the grave, curſed with your frowns and diſpleaſure, and deprived of every farthing that is in your power to beſtow upon me; and yet, dear Sir, oh! hear me, before you anſwer—here I proteſt and vow, that without your conſent and liking, I will marry no other man breathing. The courage with which I was enabled to utter theſe words, the determined air I diſplayed, and the reaſonableneſs of my deſires and arguments, for ſome moments ſpread his face over with a paleneſs, that I could perceive proceeded from the paſſionate emotions of his mind; but he ſoon returned me an hundred curſes, and the moſt bitter oaths that I ſhould marry whether I would or no, if he was ſure of my death the minute after,

and that I ſhould never look upon my mother or home again, till he had ſeen it performed. In ſhort, I never ſaw him in ſuch a fury before; he abuſed you, abſent as you was, my mother, every body that he imagined took my part, and, if I had not been on horſeback, I believe I ſhould have felt, as well as heard his anger; to which I made no other anſwer, than a torrent of tears, and reiterated ſighs, which declared my terrors and apprehenſions. Still I was collected within myſelf, and reſolved firmly to abide death, nay the moſt excrutiating tortures, rather than be in the leaſt tittle falſe to you, whoſe image was ever before my eyes, and whoſe virtues and ſoftly amiable qualities were never out of my mind; and I ſilently put up my petitions to heaven, to ſtrengthen me under the ills I now found I was deſtined to endure, and a calmneſs ſucceeded that I knew not how to account for, otherwiſe than thus: When misfortunes riſe as high as they poſſibly can, and we have few worſe conſequences to expect, the ſoul, as it were, is tortured to ſuch a degree, as, admitting of no encreaſe of pain, reſigns it to all that is to enſue.

In this mood we alighted at the Colonel's, who, with his ſon and niece, were ready to help us to diſmount, and received us with

the greateſt civility; the niece, to whom I had no quarrel, and whom I did not know, ſeemed very fond of my company, and we ſpent the remainder of the day with expreſſive ſatisfaction to every perſon but me, being entertained with every dainty that great affluence and a plentiful table could afford; nor had I the mortification of exchanging one word with young *Carter*, who now thinking himſelf ſure of his prey, only viewed me, from time to time, with a look rather of inſulting pride than of tenderneſs. At night, my father, with a forced ſmile, ſaid to me, well *Fanny*, I'll leave you for a day or two, and don't doubt but Miſs *Bet* will agreeably entertain you; to which I made no other reply, than a courtſey, and by ſending my duty to my dear mother, whilſt the tears ſtood in my eyes. And thus I was now left in the cuſtody of my deadlieſt foes, with no other guard but virtue and innocence, and poor *Martha*, which had all proved too weak for my protection, if heaven itſelf had not reſcued me from their deteſted hands. When the two *Carters* were retired, the young lady made me an offer of part of her bed, which I handſomely declined, by ſaying that *Martha* always laid with me, which excuſe ſhe as handſomely accepted, and I retired to reſt in a very ſplendid apartment, in a ſituation of temper

that you may eaſily gueſs, and then gave vent to my grief, in which I was accompanied, and at the ſame time had comfort adminiſtered me, by *Martha*; who yet had ſpoke in vain, if ſhe had not repreſented the feaſibleneſs of an eſcape, if matters ſhould be driven to an extremity. I think you never ſaw the Colonel's late plantation, and therefore in few words I'll deſcribe the ſituation of it. The houſe, which was very large, was handſomely built of brick, and far ſuperior to ours; the apartments were ſpacious, and ſet off with very grand and gay furniture; on three ſides extended the cleared land, of near 500 acres, ſkirted by the ſurrounding woods, which, at ſuch a diſtance, had a pleaſing romantic appearance; and, behind the houſe, inſtead of clearing, they had cauſed the wood to be cut into an hundred mazey walks, and meandring alleys, which run back near a mile, and afforded a moſt charming rural retreat; diverſifyed with groves, ſhades and thickets, and watered by a branch of the neighbouring river, which art had taught to murmur through every glade. At the extremity of theſe walks was a fine level *Savannah*, where the lowing kine and the bleating ſheep, cropped the flowery herbage, and the ſportive ſteed friſked and gamboled o'er the plain; and on the farther ſide of it were the

huts, a little town in extent, of near 300 *Negroes* and their families, who thence, every morning, iſſued to labour and tyrannic uſage, in the plantations which were overlooked by the houſe. I was ſo taken up with my ſorrows, that it was late before I cloſed my eyes, and then, fancy preſented a ſcene that I ſhall never forget, to my waking ſoul. Forgive me, my dear *Tommy*, for laying any ſtreſs upon dreams, an opinion you have often combated with me, but it made ſuch an impreſſion upon me, and tended ſo much to ſupport my ſpirits, under my following trials, that I muſt impart it to you. Methought I was tranſported into a wide, howling, ſavage deſart, that extended farther than my aching eyes could reach; the ſoil was aduſt and ſandy, and nothing green or chearing appeared about me, ſave here and there a weed or thiſtle that intruded its ſun-burnt head through the ſcorched plain. The lamp of day ſhone intenſely hot over my head, and rendered my ſituation ſtill more wretched, as I preſſed forward to a riſing hill, at a great diſtance, which ſeemed crowned with lofty trees, and beſpread with reviving verdure; and down whoſe ſides flowed a thouſand wanton rills, that ſeemed murmuringly to ſport with each other, and to guggle over the ſhining pebbles, which appeared as radiant as the rich-

eſt treaſures of the *Indian* mines. Methought on the ſummit of this delightful mount, was a gaily decorated alcove, ſpread with carpets of the richeſt workmanſhip; I uſed the utmoſt toil to reach its baſe, which at length with incredible labour I effected; but oh! the terror I was ſeized with, when I perceived two tremendous fierce lions, iſſuing from their dens at the foot of the hill, and with glaring eyes, hideous roar and eager pace, preſſing forward to devour me! I turned back again towards the deſart to endeavour an eſcape! but lo! the whole ſandy waſte was moving like the waves of the ocean, by the impetuous wind, and the dreadful ſea rolling to overwhelm me. Thus beſet, and unknowing where to fly, I turned me again to the mountain, when I perceived my *Tommy*'s form, his face adorned with his uſual placid ſmile, and found he had deſtroyed the two wild beaſts, and was approaching to meet me. A ſerene ſatisfaction overſpread my ſoul; he embraced me, ſaying, come, my lovely mourner, all your ills are now o'erpaſt, come and enjoy, in yonder bower, all the charms of love and friendſhip! Methought he then took me in his arms, and we aſcended in a minute to the alcove, where my joy was ſo overbearing that it cauſed me to awake; but 'tis impoſſible to deſcribe to you the ſalutary effect my dream had upon

me, and, having imparted it to *Martha*, we both agreed that it was a heavenly notice of relief from all my pains, and of future happineſs in your arms.

Miſs *Oulton* came to my apartment before I was quite dreſſed, enquired complaiſantly how I ſpent the night, and ſaid I looked better than at my arrival. I thanked her politely for her complement, and followed her down to breakfaſt, where the firſt ſcene that preſented itſelf, a piece of gallantry to me I ſuppoſed, was a negroe tied up to a tree before the window, and the redoubted *Carter*, the younger, belabouring his ſides with the *cowſkin*, whilſt his father ſtood by, encouraging him to lay the ſtrokes on home, though the poor creature's blood followed every one that was ſtruck. This was a diſcipline I never in my life had ſeen before, for, though my father perhaps uſed his ſlaves with little leſs cruelty, you know his executions of that ſort were never performed near our houſe, or in our hearing; a piece of reſpect he had juſt goodneſs enough to pay to the humanity and ſenſibility of my mother and me. I own the ſight, for I could not help ſeeing it, made me almoſt faint; but my tenderneſs was laughed at by Miſs *Betſey*, who treated the matter as a joke, which gave me a high diſtaſte to

her, for I ever conſidered the poor wretches as a part of my own ſpecies, and not upon the level of the brute creation, which was what ſhe inſiſted upon, and therefore entitled to all the regard and indulgent kindneſs that their forlorn and unhappy condition called for. At length wearineſs cauſed a truce to this diabolical exerciſe, occaſioned, as I underſtood afterwards, only by the fellow's having knocked down a favourite dog with his hoe, that run at him and made a wound in his arm with his teeth. At breakfaſt, both father and ſon avoided any thing that could give me diſlike as to myſelf; but contented themſelves with laughing and joking at their late exploit, numbering up the poor fellow's groans and piercing cries, with a kind of triumph, and fondling and pitying the dog that had been the cauſe of all this barbarity. But this was only the firſt eſſay I beheld of their ſkill, in ſuch uſage, and every day afterwards, that I ſtaid, exhibited ſuch acts of unfeeling, obdurate inhumanity to their wretched negroes, that I wonder not the judgment of heaven overtook, at length, the perpetrators of ſuch enormous crimes. In fine, all the tortures that we have read are practiſed in *Barbary* to *Chriſtian* ſlaves, all that the cruel inquiſitions of *Spain* or *Portugal*, act in their priſons and dungeons, were outdone by theſe two mon-

ſters, which at the ſame time it rendered them feared, nurſed up a ſpirit of hatred and revenge, in the breaſts of the ſlaves, which had hitherto only wanted opportunity to be brought fatally to light. After breakfaſt was over, as by deſign, the ſon was left alone with me and *Martha*, who remembring my mother's injunction, was blind to all the hints given her by Miſs *Oulton* to leave the room; hints which we both plainly perceived, and which gave me to know what I had to expect from her friendſhip and acquaintance. *Martha* took up a book that lay in the window, and, ſeeming engaged with that, *Carter* drew his chair towards me, and harangued me in the following manner; but with an aukwardneſs of geſture, and folly of face, that had I not been concerned ſo nearly, would have excited laughter and deriſion.——Miſs, he drawled out at laſt, after ſeveral coughs, hums and has,——how do you do to-day?—pretty well, I hope—well I hope you like our place—it's fine and pleaſant isn't it—ha? I hope ſoon to call you miſtreſs of juſt ſuch a one—what d'ye ſay?—will you at laſt conſent to have me!—'pon my faith—and I'll be d---d if it ant true, I love you better than the eyes in my head—better, by G-d, than any creature alive—better than father a great deal——what d'ye ſay?——I ſee you won't ſpeak—as ſo[illegible]

we are tack'd together, d'ye ſee, father ſays we ſhall keep coach, and I'm ſure it will be the firſt kept in *Worceſter* county, 'pon my ſoul will it—then who but we—ha? what a figure you'll make at church, and I at the *Court-houſe*; for you muſt know I'm commiſſion'd for the peace as well as father, and am a lieutenant of the militia too,—no, there's not another on this ſide *Anne Arundel** I'm quite tir'd of going like the petty planters on horſeback †—Then I ſhall ſoon be choſen a *aſſembly* man, and may hap, be before I die, one of the Governor's *council* keepers too, and then we ſhall go to town and live as gay as the beſt of 'm—and you ſhall have all the finery that can be brought from *England*, and wear nothing but ſilks and ſattins, and jewels and gold and ſilver ——egad, we'll out-do all the country, and buy out all the little folks about us——here's father has 700 negroes, beſides women and children, and is worth above forty thouſand pounds—all which will come to me, my girl, when he's dead, and I believe he won't live long any more than old *Barlow*,—for, by the bye, they are d---ble drinkers—that

* *Annapolis.*

† In *Maryland* and *Virginia* they are ſuch great horſemen, that a planter will go or ſend five miles to catch his horſe up, in order to ride one mile to church.

I can tell you—and he has offered me 8000l. down, with you, and the reſt when he dies—except a ſmall pittance for your mother—and, mind me, when they are all dead and rotten, we ſhall be the richeſt people in all the colony——Come—don't ſtand ſhill I, ſhall I; but to bed, at once, let's go—I don't underſtand a great deal of palaver, of this, and that, and t'other—you are handſome and have a good fortune—I'm a ſtout young fellow—ſound wind and limb—and have a good eſtate—burn me, if you'll ſay the word—your coach ſhall be drawn by *Negroes* inſtead of horſes. What d'ye ſay to it?—At this concluſion my raptur'd ſwain, with open mouth, ſtared and gaped for an anſwer. I proteſt, notwithſtanding my unhappineſs, I could ſcarce refrain laughing in his face, at his extraordinary addreſs; and *Martha*, I perceived, was forced to bite her lip almoſt till it bled, to contain herſelf: at length however I aſſumed ſo much compoſure as to return the following anſwer. Mr *Carter*, I have heard all you have ſaid, you ſee with patience, and wonder you ſhould addreſs me again, upon a ſubject on which my words and actions had ſo well explained my ſentiments before; beſide, Sir, methinks it is unlike a man of honour, to attack me in this manner, a viſitor, and under your own roof, where I lye expoſed to

all your aſſaults, unable to help myſelf; but, however, I am now reſolved to give you a full anſwer, Sir, ſuch an one as will ſhew you my fixed and determined reſolution, take it how you will. How, Sir, could you pretend to addreſs a daughter, in ſuch a manner, and, in order to ingratiate yourſelf with her, found your hopes of wealth encreaſed, and future joy upon the death of her parents? Let me tell you, Mr *Carter*, if you have been brought up in ſuch irreverence to thoſe that begot you, it has been far otherwiſe with me, who think it the greateſt of crimes to deſpiſe or wiſh harm to thoſe dear perſons, to whom I am indebted for my being; and if my poor father, who indeed you have taught to ſee only with your eyes, has ſome foibles, it does not authoriſe me to notice them, or retort upon him the injuries he conſents ſhall fall to my ſhare. By theſe few hints of our difference in opinion, you'll conjecture what a wretched pair you and I ſhould make,—your notions of things are all taken from outward objects—your education has been amongſt your ſlaves, and this very morning you gave me a ſpecimen of ſuch brutality, that I ſhudder when I think what my fate would be, with ſuch an unfeeling, unpitying huſband. —My mind, Sir, aims rather at intellectual happineſs, than at the vain gewgaws that

riches afford,—to dwell, even in an obſcure cot, with a man of my own ſentiments—a man adorned with knowledge, good ſenſe, good nature, virtue and humanity, I ſhould prefer before all the rediculous and idle parade, you have laid before me, with ſuch elegance of diction. No, Sir, but don't be affronted, I muſt aſſure you, if I am to make my choice either of death or you—I ſhall think the firſt moſt eligible:—I never will conſent to ſuch an unnatural union.—The coarſeneſs of your language, is of a piece with the groſſneſs of your ſentiments, and equally an affront to delicacy and good manners; and, now Sir, I hope I ſhall be peſter'd with your addreſſes no more; at leaſt in this ſojourn with your couſin, to whom I was brought on a viſit, and, on my ſide, you ſhall diſcover nothing but good temper and civility, whilſt I ſtay under your protection. I had no ſooner finiſhed theſe words, than the great oaf ſeemed turn'd into ſtone, and remained in a kind of inanimate ſilence, with mouth ſtretched open—eyes ſtraining and ſtaring me full in the face, and every other mark of ſtupid amazement; and thus he would longer have continued, if his father and couſin had not entered the room, which they no ſooner did, than he got up and left it, with an action that betokened him humbled and mortified, and at

the ſame time brim full of malice and ſpite. At dinner my ſpark did not appear; but at ſupper was drunk, and affected to be very good tempered, and the next and ſeveral ſucceeding days, I heard no more from any party upon this hated ſubject. All the while my father had never appeared, and I was in great pain to know how my dear mother did; but expecting ſoon an end of my baniſhment, I put on as eaſy an air as poſſible, and frequently, with Miſs *Oulton*, took an evening turn in the walks which I have deſcribed, at the back of the houſe, and ſometimes obtained the pleaſure of being alone there, with my *Martha*, to whom, whilſt the whiſpering zephers wanton'd amongſt the leaves, I oft vented my paſſion, and my grief for the abſence of my deareſt *Tommy*. You know, dear Sir, that you flattered me formerly with having ſomewhat of an agreeable voice, and, by your tuneful example, I became a poeteſs, and my ſituation having ſoftened and melted my ſoul into harmony, I dreſſed my complaints in verſe, which often, in theſe retirements, this faithful girl teazed me to ſing. I have but a mean opinion of the lines; but as they were a teſtimony of my affection you ſhall have them; and then the amiable Miſs *Barlow* ſung the following ſtanzas to her raptur'd *Anderſon*.

SONG.

TUNE,—*All in the Downs the fleet lay moor'd.*

I.

THE ſilver *moon, from* clouded ſtate,
Diffus'd abroad her peerleſs light;
The radiant ſtars around her wait,
Chearing the rugged brow of night:
When mourning Fanny, *hapleſs, wretched fair,*
Thus to the ſilent grove reveal'd her care.

II.

And whilſt ſhe ſung, ſad Philomel
Inſtant, her plaintive note forbore;
Superior griefs, ſhe heard her tell,
The wailing virgin's boſom tore;
Each zepher *ceas'd, at once, his wanton play,*
And huſh was every leaf and ſportive ſpray.

III.

Ah! me, ſhe cry'd, what fate is mine!
To pride and avarice a prey!
And abſent he, for whom I pine,
An exile, wandering far away!
What tearful ſorrows may attack my ſwain,
Before theſe eyes behold him once again?

IV.

Nature diſclaims in me her ſhare,
A father acts the direful part;
Pleas'd witneſs of my ſad deſpair,
He plants the dagger in my heart:
Celeſtial powers! in pity, change his mind,
Make him more juſt, more generous and more kind.

V.

Can wealth impart, or health, or eaſe
And calmneſs, to the tortur'd breaſt?
Can gaily ſliding moments pleaſe,
A maiden ſorely ſo diſtreſt?
For me, nor morn awakes the joyous ſong,
Nor e'en provides the friendly mirthful throng.

VI.

Thus the poor trembling hare, purſu'd
By ruthleſs man and barb'rous hounds,
With one laſt ſcream alarms the wood;
Each hill and dale the cry reſounds;
As I, all frantic, yet by hope beguil'd,
Breath my complaints, in notes uncouth and wild.

VII.

But heaven, perhaps has bliſs in ſtore,
For conſtancy and faultleſs truth;
Thoſe arms, may then embrace, once more,
My Tommy, virtuous, lovely youth;

Yes, yes, ſome angel whiſpers in my ear
" Rewards await a paſſion ſo ſincere."

Mr *Anderſon*, charmed to the higheſt degree, eagerly preſſed the fair ſongſtreſs in his arms; called her his *Sapho*, and told her her verſes were like herſelf, all ſweetneſs and ſoftneſs, and complemented her upon the agreeable uſe ſhe had made of *Milton*'s epithets, in the firſt ſtanza; and then ſhe again reſumed her ſtory.

One evening, when I, with *Martha*, had traverſed the longeſt of theſe alleys, which brought us into the *Savannah*, a negroe, with great ſubmiſſion, accoſted me, ſomewhat in whoſe face, methought, I recollected; and was ſoon eaſed of my doubt by the honeſt fellow's ſaying—Oh! miſtreſs, you not know poor *Squanto*?—you goodee miſtreſs—you lovee poor negroe, no beatee them—no whippee! Ah! *Squanto*, I cried, we have miſſed you at home a long time—how came you here?—You may remember *Squanto*, no doubt, who was one of the moſt docible negroes about our houſe, and who had a particular reſpect for you, and made ſuch lamentations when you was thought killed by my father, in the *pine barren*, that he never afterwards forgave him: Some trifling fault having heightened this diſtaſte, my fa-

ther, under the pretence of ſending him to another plantation, had exchanged him with Colonel *Carter*, where he knew pretty well he would meet with more labour and puniſhment, than even he thought proper to trouble himſelf with the infliction of; and, to the many enquiries my mother and I made after him, he only replied that he was at a plantation he had at *Pongoteaq*. I was really glad to ſee *Squanto*, and ſo was *Martha*, nor could I help placing him in the light of a fellow ſufferer, from the ſame barbarous and inhuman people; ſo bowed my ſpirits were with the idea of being in ſuch hands. *Squanto* then, ſhaking his head, and the tears ſtanding in his eyes, from the ſenſe of his condition, returned, oh! miſtreſs, you no livee here—here is de hell—de devils—torture poor negroes!—and then proceeded to give me a detail of ſuch unheard of, wanton cruelty, from his two maſters, nay from Miſs *Oulton*, that nothing but his back, ſides, arms and legs, furrowed with ſtripes, and marked with wounds, could have induced me to believe. I gave the poor fellow ſome ſhilling bills I had in my pocket, and aſſured him, if poſſibly I could, or if you returned to *Maryland*, we would redeem him from his ſlavery, the very thought of which made him jump and ſkip about, like one bewitched with joy. As I

knew a negroe would be queſtioned how he came by money, a commodity they ſeldom ſee, I marked upon every one of the bills (the gift of *Frances Barlow* to *Squanto*,) to prevent his being expoſed to any puniſhment under ſuſpicion of theft, and then we parted, *Squanto* returning to his hovel, and we, with weeping eyes and ſighing hearts towards the houſe; reflecting upon the forlorn condition I was in—my *Tommy* abſent—perhaps dead!—my mother dying with grief at my loſs—and yet unable to help me or herſelf;—my father my enemy, and bent on my deſtruction, and myſelf in the cuſtody of creatures totally deſtitute of goodneſs or humanity, and ignorant of all the principles of virtue. Could any ſtate be more wretched?—no—and my eyes rained inceſſant tears, as with melancholy ſoul I ruminated over it. When we came in doors, Colonel *Carter*, with an air of good humour, banter'd me upon my ſolitary turn of mind, and took occaſion to tell me, that my father was juſt gone, and that he would not ſtay to ſee me, for fear I ſhould want to go home, which he would not permit me to do till I had been married to his ſon. To all this I made no anſwer, but a forced ſmile and a courtſey, not willing to exaſperate the old man; for I had a ſcheme brewing in my mind, which ſeemed to promiſe fair, in its execution, to

extricate me from my preſent diſtreſs. This ſight of *Squanto*, had put it into my head, that, with his aſſiſtance, an eſcape might be made from my priſon to Mr *Gordon*'s, under whoſe protection I reſolved to put myſelf, and to hazard the loſs of fortune and every thing elſe, rather than forfeit my faith to you, or make myſelf *ſplendidly* wretched, as my tormentors propoſed: And, as to *Squanto*, I knew that gentleman would either protect him, or buy him from his maſter, and relieve him from his barbarous uſage. In bed I imparted the affair to *Martha*, who ſeemed entirely of my opinion, and we both reſolved to ſet about it the very next evening, by firſt ſounding the ſpirit and abilities of *Squanto*. That faithful ſlave was at his old ſtation, expecting me to walk that way, and I, after ſome other diſcourſe, by which I found his courage and reſolution of a proper caſt, told him my ſituation and intention, and aſked him if he would riſk the hazard of helping me out of durance. In ſhort *Squanto* was overjoyed at the propoſal, and the thoughts of living with Mr *Gordon* and ſerving me; and we agreed, that two nights afterward, we would walk down the ſame alley, and that *Squanto*, after his work was ended, ſhould ſecure three horſes in the wood on the other ſide of the *Savannah*, and that if we came alone, and the coaſt was clear,

a ſignal ſhould be given him, and then we were ſimmediately to mount, and, through private ways, which were well known to *Squanto*, go to *Snow-hill*, the town in the neighbourhood of which Mr *Gordon* reſided. I put on, for the intermediate ſpace of time, a more than ordinary chearfulneſs; nay even ſaid a complaiſant thing or two to your hated rival; ſo that they began to bleſs themſelves at ſo ſudden an alteration of behaviour, which they already attributed to the impreſſions, a ſight of their riches, ſplendor and large poſſeſſions had made upon my mind. As to our cloaths and linen, we could convey none of them with us, except thoſe upon our backs, and contented ourſelves with leaving them at the mercy of the enemy. The day arrived, and with it a thouſand difficulties and fears that had eſcaped my reflection before; the evening began to approach, and to encourage us the more, young *Carter* rode over to my father's, about ſome buſineſs; and, I took an opportunity when Miſs *Oulton* was buſy in her houſehold affairs, to ſaunter with *Martha* towards the place of rendezvous, and got out, quite unſuſpected of any other deſign than to take the refreſhment of the cool breeze, that ſported through the groves. *Martha* was alſo ſo provident as to commit to her pocket a pint bottle of brandy and two or three [illegible]

cuits, which ſhe found in a cupboard in our apartment, and had been left there and forgotten: Well, at the *Savannah* we arrived, ſcared at every tree and ruſtling noiſe, and making the ſignal agreed upon, which was three loud hems, *Squanto* readily appeared; in an inſtant we croſſed the *Savannah*, and mounting upon the wretched furniture the poor creature had affectionately provided, we ſet out on our journey, following our guide through the gloomy retreats of the wood, incommoded, at every ſtep, by the *Palmetto* roots, which galled our horſes feet, and by the vines, *China* briars and brambles, that continually croſſed our way, and threatened to pull us from off our horſes. Silently, I put up prayers to the Divine Being, for his aſſiſtance and protection, and the ſucceſs of our enterprize; and then, by chearfulneſs and proper incentive expreſſions, enlivened and encouraged my companions; particularly poor *Martha*, who was a little ſcared at our midnight adventure. Thus we travelled inceſſantly, fear keeping us from any inclination to ſleep, till the morning twilight began to appear through the trees; nor had we failed to dole out frequent ſips of the brandy to *Squanto*, however, with a caution to take care of his head, which he obſerved very punctually; and then he told us, we were within five miles

of *Snow-hill*, and had only private ways to go through, except about half a mile of the high road, which we were now entering, and muſt uſe the utmoſt expedition to paſs. My heart went pit a pat at the danger we were in, for it was not above a mile and a half alſo from my father's, and a ſtrange forboding melancholy overſpread my mind, apprehenſive of ſome accident that might retard my flight, and, too true were my preſaging fears, for we had not got a ſtone's caſt upon the road, when we heard the feet of horſes, and two voices which were, alas! too well known, to put our misfortune into any doubt; for indeed it was my father and young *Carter*. I trembled like an aſpin leaf; but my ſoul was ſtill firm and prepared for the worſt, all my concern being for *Martha* and *Squanto*, the latter of whom I adviſed, in as few words as poſſible, to make the beſt of his way to Mr *Gordon*'s, tell him the ſtory, and claim his protection; but the poor wretch was ſo ſcared, that he with difficulty ſat his horſe, and, before he could recollect himſelf, the two gentlemen had caught us with their eyes, and, I heard my father ſay, d--n it, there's *Frank!*—*Squanto* and *Martha!*—— I'll be d---'d if they are not running away —and *Carter* reply, ay, by G-d—to be ſure; but I'll take care of one, and immediately clapping ſpurs to his horſe, ſprung upon

Squanto, and with one blow from his whip felled him to the ground, and, alighting, beat him over the head, face and every part, in a moſt unmerciful manner, whilſt I, quite frightened at the ſcene, in vain begged and prayed him to deſiſt, for he had done nothing but at my ſollicitation and by my orders. Who doubts it, returned my father, all in rage—and I've a great mind here to make a ſacrifice of you for it—you d---'d, diſembling, diſobedient little b---h——but your comrades ſhall pay for it, however—I'll ſee that! Tears choaked my voice; I could not reply, and poor *Martha* looked like the picture of anguiſh and deſpair. They then put *Squanto*, quite ſenſeleſs, and bruiſed all over, acroſs his horſe, and ordering me and *Martha* to ride before, followed us, hallowing and hooping like two ſavages, at the good luck, as they ſtiled it, of meeting us, my father ſaying, in a moſt provokingly ſcoffing manner,—by G-d, *Carter*, you muſt marry her out of hand, or the cunning w---e will be too hard for us all. By this time I had regained ſome courage, and now, thinking the worſt had happened that could poſſibly befal me, reſolved to prepare for the moſt dreadful event that was threatened, and, oh! God forgive me! but deſpair what ſoul can withſtand! began to meditate upon the means of deſtroying myſelf,

to get out of ſuch mercileſs hands, and to eſcape a fate that I dreaded much more than death. *Martha* was loaded with curſes and threats, to which ſhe made no reply, and poor *Squanto* groaned inceſſantly; but was anſwered only by denounciations of the moſt tormenting and bitter cruelties, my father and his comrade vowing, they would ſee his ribs bare, with the *cow-ſkin*, before they went to reſt. In this mood we came once more to the Colonel's, and there found every thing in an uproar, the old man fuming and ſwearing, and Miſs *Oulton* raving at our eſcape; but, at the ſight of us, it was all converted into triumph, accompanied with ſuch a turn of expreſſion from both, as convinced me their ſouls were of the meaneſt and baſeſt caſt, and I bore their laughter, inſult and deriſion, without a change of countenance, or uttering a word. Soon after we alighted, my father locked me into a room by myſelf, and *Martha* into another, ſaying to me, d--n it, as you don't underſtand the uſe of liberty—and abuſe it ſo—you ſhall enjoy it no more, by G-d. At that inſtant, but I ſoon check'd myſelf, I forgot he was my father, and exclaimed, monſter in nature! I ſhall ſoon be out of your power! Then too late you may repent having ſacrificed your daughter to a villain! It was however, though not intended, ex-

erciſing mercy to us to confine us, for *Squanto*, weak and bruiſed as he was, underwent a ſeries of puniſhments, mean time, that would terrify the hardeſt heart to conceive. All three of them aſſiſted, after tiring five overſeers in the deviliſh office, to ſend his ſoul from its ſuffering mortal habitation, and, when let down from the tree, he ſpoke or breathed no more. Oh! heaven! when I was told the direful tale, my breaſt was wounded too deeply to ſupport the thought —wild and diſtracted. I raved —called them butchers!—fiends!—devils!—I fainted, and, for two days, was in ſuch ſtrong convulſions that even my cruel father began to relent, and talked of ſending me home. But the Almighty Ruler of the univerſe, thought fit to raiſe me once more, and reſtored my ſtrength; yet my mind, filled with nothing but gloomy deſpair, impreſſed moſt diſmal traits upon my countenance, and I obſerved an obſtinate ſilence to all about me, reſolving never more to open my lips, unleſs it pleaſed my kind Creator to reſcue me from the hands I was in, and once more, reſtore me to my dear mother's arms. As to *Martha*, ſhe was conveyed away I knew not where, for I never ſaw her afterwards, and I was now in a more forlorn ſtate than ever maid was before; forced to bear the inſulting taunts of the ungenerous *Oulton*,

the gibes and lewd jeſts of the Colonel and his ſon, the rage of a father, and my own agitated imaginations, which now were become of the moſt dark and deadly complexion.

In this temper my father, the next morning, left me, after having endeavoured afreſh to ſooth me to his purpoſe, which finding in vain, he bid me prepare for marriage or d-------n, when I next ſaw him, which ſhould be in two days time, for then he was reſolved I ſhould have *Carter*; and all this was ſpoken by the inconſiderate man in the hearing of my three enemies.

I muſt own, at this time, all my affection for my father was extinct, I looked upon him as my deadly foe, as a murderer, and was even pleaſed when he was gone from my ſight, as I had one tormentor the leſs to encounter with; but theſe laſt expreſſions of his, and his ſtedfaſtneſs in the match, encouraged the others to a brutal attempt, which had well nigh been executed; but for the watchful protection of providence, whoſe goodneſs I adore every moment I live! In ſhort, this vile father and wicked ſon had contrived, with the abandoned *Oulton*, that the very next night, for I was now [illegible] to be her bedfellow, by my father's com-

mand, ſhe ſhould let the young one into my apartment, not doubting but when he had triumphed over that ſilly pride of mine, as they called it, my chaſtity, I ſhould be ready enough to marry him, and ſue for a favour which I now with ſo much obſtinacy refuſed; but before you hear the dreadful tale, I muſt make a ſmall digreſſion from my own affairs to another ſubject, which you'll ſoon find will have an intimate and miraculous connection with them.

The various and unprecedented barbarities exerciſed by theſe men upon their unhappy ſlaves, for a number of years, having met with no manner of oppoſition, from wretches bowed to the yoke by the continued hard hand of oppreſſion, and who even began to think they were born to the uſage they received; was conſidered by the Colonel as a matter of the higheſt ſatisfaction, and he uſed to boaſt that he had the tameſt and moſt orderly *black flock* in the whole colony. But this tameneſs proceeded from yet a more generous temper in the negroes; for the policy of their maſter, as well as his profit, having induced him to provide them wives, or however the greateſt number, of their own complexion, the ſoft tye intimidated them from any revolt or riſing, terrified with the idea of loſing the objects of

their care, and the numerous progeny, which alas! were born to miſery and ſordid ſlavery, and to enrich the worthleſs *Carters*. About a year before my captivity, the Colonel had purchaſed an additional ſtock of *Negroes*, all brought from the *Gold-coaſt*, who are more remarkably bold, cunning and revengeful, than any other natives of *Guinea*, and, as a natural ſpirit of freedom taught them to diſdain the ſervile labours they were deſtined to, they obſtinately, often, refuſed to be inſtructed, and, when inſtructed, to practiſe the leſſons they received, or practiſed them ſo aukwardly, as to engage puniſhment, which they bore hardly and were bent upon a thorough revenge, which they were egg'd on to the more, as they ſaw the ſlaves of no other plantation ſuffered ſuch cruelties as they did. Theſe *new Negroes* then, had abſolutely refuſed the wives that had been offered them, and drew in all the unmarried old ones to the ſame ſenſe of the injuries they endured, and the ſame ſchemes of revenge. *Squanto*'s cataſtrophe, who was likewiſe a *Gold-coaſt Negroe*, and had embarked in their deſigns, worked them up, almoſt to madneſs, and; at this time of my diſmalleſt diſtreſs, they were contriving to make ſpeedy and effectual examples of our common perſecutors; having fixed upon the very night, which was deſtined for

undoing, to execute their project. The day preceding it, being *Sunday*, when the *Negroes* are ſuffered (the only pleaſure they enjoy) to be with their families, and to work in the little ſpots that yield them vegetable food, they had more abundant opportunity for their machinations, and eleven at night was pitched upon for them to riſe, ſurround the houſe, burn it, with all the out-houſes, and to miſſacre the *Carters*, father and ſon, with *Oulton*, who had frequently been the cauſe of, and promoted many of the cruelties acted towards them; but if they met with no oppoſition from the white ſervants and overſeers, determined to ſhed no more blood, but to ſeize what proviſions and arms they thought requiſite, and then eſcape, or fight their way through, towards the *Apalachian* mountains, where they propoſed to maintain their liberty againſt all oppoſers. Thus, my deareſt *Tommy*, you ſee how heaven ordered things in our favour, which frequently reminds me of thoſe excellent lines of our favourite poet,

So dear to Heaven is ſaintlike chaſtity,
That, when a ſoul is found ſincerely ſo,
A thouſand livery'd angels lacquey her,
Driving far off each thing of ſin or guilt.

As to my part, little imagining either the

danger or deliverance that awaited me, I paſſed the day in my uſual perturbations of mind; and, in ſhort, preparing for the exit, which I had reſolved upon, if my hand was forced in wedlock's band with your contemptible rival; nor did the then ſituation of my labouring, anxious boſom, ſuffer me to reflect that God *had placed his cannon againſt ſelf murder*; but I have heard you ſay, that many ſuch inſtances of ſuicide ariſe from frenzy, induced by misfortunes or weak nerves, and that you could never imagine any perſons of reaſon or reflection, could cooly and deliberately make away with himſelf; that the *Greek* word ſignifying madneſs, implied almoſt as much, and that the ſuicide, like other madmen, dwells too conſtantly and intently upon ſome fixed gloomy thought, which cauſes his lunacy. To be ſure I was, and reaſon I had, quite delirious with my griefs, or ſo vile a method of eſcaping my pains had not found harbour in my brain. As to the *Carters* and Miſs *Oulton*, they put on a more reſerved air than ordinary, all the day; but towards evening, I obſerved ſo much whiſpering, backwards and forwards, ſuch queer and quaint looks at me, ſo many ſly winks and nods, that I began to be alarmed, and, Heaven to be ſure inſpiring me, reſolved to ſit up late in our chamber that night to finiſh the reading

a book, which happened by ſome accident to be in the houſe, which was not worthy of ſuch a treaſure; namely *Lucas* of happineſs. When the ſoul is overſpread with gloom and melancholy, we become ſuperſtitious, and the lighteſt circumſtances adminiſter to our diſorder; my noſe accidentally droped two or three drops of blood; this you may be ſure I alſo conſtrued into a warning of ſome intended evil; which ſtill confirmed me in my reſolution. Thus, differently affected, we ſeparated at our uſual hour, which was nine, and Miſs *Oulton* and I went up to our chamber, where obſerving me take the book and ſeat myſelf down, ſhe uſed great perſuaſions for me to come to bed, and inſiſted upon it with a warmth, that ſtill more and more ſuprized me, and, ſeeing me reſolved to the contrary, ſat down at the table by me, and ſeemed to fall into a doſe, which continued for near half an hour: ſhe then appeared to wake, for it was all grimace, and again peſtered me to go to bed, which I excuſed myſelf from doing to finiſh the book; by this time the clock had ſtruck ten, and madam, with a mortified air, told me ſhe would not go to reſt before me, and, in about a minute after, fell aſleep, to all appearance again, for another half hour, at leaſt; when ſeeming to wake, ſhe cried, it is a fine night, I'll go and take a walk be-

fore the door, ſince you won't go to bed, till you have done, and, ſo ſaying, bolted out of the room and down ſtairs; ſhe had not been gone above a quarter of an hour, before I heard her, as I thought, come ſoftly up again; but, good God! what was my ſurprize, to ſurvey young *Carter*, in his night-gown, enter my door, and, the minute he had got into the room, faſten it on the inſide. At firſt my tongue was ty'd by the ſtrange ſight, and I trembled from head to foot, no longer doubting but ſome bad uſage awaited me; but reſuming myſelf, after theſe moments of ſudden amazement, I cried, in an elevated tone of voice, and with a countenance all inflam'd. What is your meaning, Mr *Carter*, that, without any ceremony, you enter my apartment at this late hour, and that you have ſecured the door? pray retire, Sir, and learn to act more becomingly to a viſitor and a perſon of my ſex. Whilſt I ſpoke theſe words, I looked ſtedfaſtly in his face, and perceived him turn pale, and it was with a faultering voice, that, after two or three minutes pauſe, he drawled out—why, you won't have me by fair means—and you muſt by foul, I think, then—you can have no help——father knows of my coming, and ſo does Miſs [illegible], by G-d! and proceeded to utter ſuch a heap of balderdaſh nonſenſe, that never ſure in-

truded upon a virgin's ears before. In ſhort, I was ſo aſtoniſhed that I could make no reply, and the brute at once ſeizing me in his arms, endeavoured to bear me towards the bed, which, crying and ſcreaming, I endeavoured to prevent with all the little ſtrength I had. Oh! my *Tommy*, what were my thoughts at this dire moment!—words are too inſufficient to paint all the horror and terror of my mind! however, my efforts were ſo powerful, that my antagoniſt began to tire, and, ſeeing he could carry me no further, let me fall on the middle of the floor, with diſheveled hair and torn attire, and would have proceeded to liberties that are ſhocking to me, even in idea.

Juſt at this inſtant, when I was quite weakened and jaded, rather dead than alive, and almoſt incapable longer to ſupport the cruel conflict, I heard *Oulton*'s voice at the door, and continued knocking, attended with theſe words, Mr *Carter!* Mr *Carter!* Lord help us! the *Negroes* are all in arms, and have ſet fire to the ſtores and out-houſes!—for God ſake! make haſte!——we ſhall all be murdered!——your father it getting up! and, indeed, turning my weeping eyes towards the window, I perceived an extraordinary light, as of fire, and reſumed ſpirits enough to cry——Bleſſed powers!——this

is your goodneſs!——Oh! fire!—murder! any thing let me meet, rather than ſtay in this curſed houſe! Upon ſuch alarming tidings, the wretch, at once, diſengaged me, and, running to the door, opened it and went down ſtairs, with his couſin, whilſt I got up and flung myſelf into a chair, a torrent of tears ſtreaming from my eyes, and, Heaven forgive me! wiſhed the *Negroes* might prevail and puniſh my unworthy foes; but in leſs than half an hour I was raiſed from my ſtate of inſenſibility by the report of guns, the ſhouts of the ſlaves, and now and then repeated groans, and I thought I heard Miſs *Oulton* ſcream and cry for mercy, in her turn: The horrid confuſion of ſounds ſoon drowned her voice, and looking through the window, I perceived the houſe ſurrounded by the ſable mutineers, and in a few minutes after the flames aſcending up to my apartment. 'Twas in vain now I thought, to think of living more, and abating ſome tender thoughts of my dear mother and you, which ſtill dwelt in my ſuffering mind, and turned my views to life, I was reſigned to the fate that awaited me—had known too many ſorrows to quit this mortal ſtage with reluctance, and, falling on my knees, in that poſture, expected the devouring element to ſurround me; fervently [illegible] God for all his mercies; particularly [illegible] the

laſt, my eſcape from violation,—praying for my parents—you—my enemies—and recommending my ſoul to his gracious care. A calm accompanied this holy exerciſe that was ſurprizing, and a dying martyr could not have felt more inward peace and conſolation: Providence, however, thought fit to relieve me from my condition, and, hearing a noiſe at the door, I turned my eyes towards it, and perceived a white man enter, who approaching me with great reſpect—ſeemed ſtruck with my poſture;—but, all in a hurry, cried—Miſs! for God ſake let me ſave your life!—if you ſtay a minute you are loſt! and taking me by the hand, led, or rather pulled me down ſtairs, whilſt I heard the wainſcots of the adjacent rooms crackling with the flames which had even caught the balluſtres, and was almoſt ſcorched in deſcending them. My guide hurried me to the back of the houſe, and, through a door that opened into the garden, we made our eſcape, and then, holding by his arm, fear adding wings to our ſpeed, we traverſed, unobſerved, the back walks to the *Savannah*, where another white man waited with three horſes, on one of which being placed, and my aſſiſtants mounting the others, the ſilence all along obſerved was broken by my deliverer, ſaying, Miſs, pray ride as faſt as poſſible—an hour will bring us out of danger,

With eyes lifted up, in humble acknowledgment to the Divine Being, I followed him—not could utter one word, my heart was ſo full, and in this condition, in about the time mentioned, we ſtoped at a large houſe, the inhabitants of which were alarmed by my companions acquainting them of the miſchief doing at *Carter*'s. I did not recollect that I had ever ſeen the face of any perſon about me; but a well looking matron-like woman eying me with tenderneſs, ſaid to one of the men, is this young gentlewoman a relation of your maſter's? No, madam, he replied, 'tis Miſs *Barlow*, whom I reſcued at the hazard of my life. At theſe words ſhe welcomed me to her houſe—told me ſhe was ſorry for my fright, and ſaid ſhe knew my mother very well. Hearing that dear name, I now thought myſelf in a place of ſecurity, and ſoon learned that it was the houſe and plantation of one Mr *M'Dougal*, and that it was near ſix miles further from our houſe, than Colonel *Carter*'s. After theſe good men had withdrawn, for they ſoon went to raiſe the country, I underſtood by my kind hoſteſs, that one was the clerk and the other an overſeer of *Carter*'s; but as to their thinking of me and inducement to run the hazard of ſaving me, that I was to learn from their own mouths. The family [illegible] in ſuch a conſternation, that no one [illegible]

gain to go to bed, and, as to my part, though adviſed to that refreſhment, I was in no condition to take it. In an hour after, the houſe was full of planters, all armed, for Mr *M'Dougal* was a major of the militia, who ſoon marched off, headed by that gentleman, towards *Carter*'s plantation, and my two reſcuers a little while after returning, informed us that they had alarmed the whole country about us, and that above two hundred men were marching from all parts to quell the rebellious *Negroes*. It was now broad day, and the ſame perſons then acquainted us of every thing relating to the *Negroe* conſpiracy, which I have told you before, and further informed us that old *Carter*, his ſon and Miſs *Oulton*, with ſeven or eight white men, were murdered; the whole plantation deſtroyed, and nothing ſpared but the *Negroe quarter* at the further ſide of the *Savannah*: That the father and ſon were ſhot, and *Oulton*, flying away, was overtaken at the wood ſide and ſtabbed: That the perſons who reſcued me, coming from a plantation at ſome diſtance, drawn by the fire and report of guns at their maſter's, found her alone, expiring, and that ſhe uttered theſe words, Oh! I have deſerved all this!—for God ſake, if poſſible, fly to my [illegible]—ſave poor *Fanny Barlow!*—let me be the inſtrument of doing ſome good to

that young creature!—whom I have ſo much abuſed! and with a hideous groan ſhe immediately ſurrendered her breath: That they then, perceiving all loſt, and the ſlaves employed in loading themſelves with plunder from the ſtores, for they took nothing from the houſe, burning it with all in it, one of them haſted to provide horſes, and the other, at the utmoſt riſk, generouſly obeyed the orders of his dying miſtreſs, as I have related. I expreſſed my ſincere gratitude to my preſervers for my life, and promiſed to procure them a ſuitable reward from my parents, to whom Mrs *M'Dougal* promiſed to convey me the next day, and ſoon after they departed with another party, in purſuit of the rebels, promiſing to come to my father's when they had contributed all in their power to revenge their maſter's death. The next morning, Major *M'Dougal* returned home, and informed us that the *Negroes* had retreated towards *Virginia*, having loſt twenty of their number, and that the Whites had already had eleven killed: he was wounded, which was the reaſon of his leaving his duty. And now the good gentlewoman performed her promiſe, and after taking leave of the worthy family in a manner ſuitable to my obligations to it, attended by two ſervants, I ſet out for my father's houſe, to which I had now been ſo long a ſtranger, full of

eager expectation to embrace my deareſt mother. My thoughts, during the journey, were taken up in reflecting, with a thankful mind, on the wonders wrought in my favour and my happy deliverance, and I ſincerely prayed for forgiveneſs and mercy to all my late enemies, who now were gone to give account of their miſdeeds, before a *Being* whoſe anger they had ſo much provoked. It was evening before we came to our houſe, having met with no interruption in our journey, but from the number of armed parties that queſtioned us as we paſt them. My father, ſcared out of his wits, was upon the ſame expedition, ſo that I found only my mother at home, who received me as one from the grave; we mutually ſhed tears of unaffected joy, and were never tired of embracing one another; ſhe had been impoſed upon all this while and told that I was well and eaſy, and deſired her, from time to time to permit me to prolong my ſtay at *Carter's*; but when ſhe underſtood all I had underwent, and the cruel uſage of my father, I thought ſhe would have died with anguiſh. She was ſo much irritated againſt the unfortunate family, that ſhe could not help even ſhewing ſome ſatisfaction at their puniſhment; but ſoon check'd herſelf by a more chriſtian ſpirit of thinking. Ten days after, my father returned with the news that the

Negroes had, at laſt, gained the faſtneſſes of the mountains, to the number of ſixty or thereabout, the reſt being killed by their purſuers, where they ſtill hold out againſt all the force of the two colonies. He farther informed us, that he had received an account from the men who ſaved me, of all that miraculous affair; but added, to my great and ſincere grief, that the generous worthy creatures had both loſt their lives by the enemy's fire, about five days before; by which, continued he, I have loſt the opportunity of rewarding ſo much merit. He then, with a tenderneſs that amazed me, embraced my mother, and, advancing to me, folded his arms about me, and cried, —the tears ſtanding in his eyes—my *Fanny!* —my dear *Fanny!*—can you forgive me?—I have uſed you ſadly indeed: I now ſuffer more than I can ſpeak!—Oh! that I ſhould wrong ſo much virtue! I was ſo affected with his expreſſions, that I fell on my knees, and ſaid, dear Sir,—I ſhall never remember any thing that has paſſed—my future life will be too ſhort to repay this goodneſs—now indeed I know what it is to have a father!—all that I have endured is fully repaid! My mother's eyes ran over with tears of joy, ſhe bleſſed this happy unexpected change, hung about his neck, and ſaid, [illegible] with the moſt bliſsful hour of her life.

ſhort my father had been ſo truly affected with this fatal cataſtrophe of *Carter*'s, that it made a total change in his diſpoſition and temper, and a day or two afterwards, which was the firſt time he mentioned you, except in paſſion, ſince he ſent you away, or that we dared to mention you before him, he ſurprized my mother and me by the following words. Oh! my dear daughter—I have wronged you—Heaven has declared againſt us—would to God, my dear, turning to my mother,—I had taken your advice with regard to poor *Tom*—he generouſly told us the conſequences of uſing our *Negroes* with cruelty, and read the deſtiny of his enemies the two *Carters*, at whoſe inſtigation I ſold him—I wiſh he was here—I would aſk his pardon—Nay, I think I could give him my daughter! No ſurprize was ever greater than ours; but, poor man, though his repentance was late, it was ſincere—he from that day always ſpoke of you with affection—hoped he ſhould live to hear from you, and uſed his ſervants and *Negroes*, as well as my mother and me, ſo tenderly, that our uſual dread of him was turned into ſincere love and reverence. He reconciled himſelf with Mr *Gordon*, and, but for your abſence, we had been entirely happy.

Indeed one thing very much troubled me,

for enquiring after my poor faithful *Martha*, my father, with great contrition, told us that he had uſed her with great ſeverity, had then ſold her to another planter, who having behaved inhumanly to her, ſhe fell ill and died the ſecond day of her illneſs, of a violent fever. Thus I was diſappointed in that earneſt deſire I had, to diſplay my gratitude to thoſe who had been my faſt friends; but pure and untainted enjoyment is not the lot of mortals in this life. I mourned over her fate with tears of real ſorrow, and my father expreſſed his repentance for his uſage of her. Perfectly eaſy now in my ſituation at home once again, my thoughts became fixed to their old object, and my *Tommy*'s abſence and my ignorance of his fortune drew inceſſant tears from my eyes. The arguments of Mr *Gordon*, more than any thing, ſupported my ſpirits, he repreſented your ſtrange fortune, the miracles that had, almoſt, been performed in your favour, and told me he did not doubt but God would reſtore you to us. But ah! my dear *Tommy*, year after year rolling away, and no tidings of you, reduced my ſoul to the very brink of deſpair, and my body almoſt to the grave. Oh! heavens! in this ſituation, how good you was to me and my afflicted mother!—Letters arrived from you in *Virginia*, accompanied by this dear watch, which

has been my conſtant companion ever ſince, tokens of remembrance to your other friends, all diſplaying that good, that grateful breaſt, and letters of your ſtrange and bleſſed reverſe of fortune. Oh! the tumultuous joy my ſoul then experienced—in ſhort, I had not ſtrength to ſupport the glad tidings, but fainted in my father and mother's arms; and when I recovered—I ſurveyed your conſtancy and perſeverance, in your love to me, with a gratitude that is inexpreſſible, and that ſtill increaſed my affection, if poſſible, to the object of my fear and my care. My father was charmed with your diſpoſition and temper; for, if you remember, you aſked after his welfare kindly, in your letter to my mother, and ſaid, he hoped he ſhould live to prove deſerving your forgiveneſs; but providence, perhaps, alas! to puniſh his former obdurateneſs, permitted him not to live to this joyful day; for ſoon after he fell ill of the ſpotted fever, which carried him off in leſs than a week. He, by his will, left eight thouſand pounds to me, and the reſt of his fortune, which my mother has ſince turned into caſh, being five thouſand pounds more, to her for life, and then to me and my heirs, and deſired to be remembered with his laſt breath to you. Indeed he had latterly behaved ſo kindly, ſo much like a parent, that we lamented his death with un-

feigned tears. And now, expecting your return every day with impatience, I began to grow diſtracted almoſt with your delay, when Mr *Fergusſon* was ſo good to take a tour to *Virginia*, on purpoſe to get tidings of you; and here again, we were informed, you was unfortunately a priſoner to the *French*, and was likely to be ſent to *Europe*. Thus my full-blown hopes again were blaſted, and ſince that my mother and I have dragged on a wretched being, always divided betwixt beguiling hope and cruel fear. But at laſt God has given you to my eyes, and you are ſafely returned to poſſeſs that place in my arms that was always deſtined for you. Here the charming maid ceaſed her affecting narration, and Mr *Anderſon* folding her in his arms, told her he now hoped to recompence all her ſufferings, and never more to be out of her ſight. He lamented the death of her father, and ſaid, if he had lived he ſhould have thought himſelf ſtill more happy, and over and over, beſtowed the warmeſt encomiums upon the behaviour of *Squanto*, *Marſha*, and her two deliverers, wiſhing they had lived till his arrival, and ſaying he ſhould not have thought half his fortune a ſufficient recompence for their goodneſs to his darling *Fanny*. I ſhort, through the whole ſtory of her injurious treatment, he was now worked up to paſſion, anon melted into tears, and

again lifting up his hands and eyes in admiration and thankſgiving. When they returned into the houſe, he once more embraced his dear friends, and flinging his arms round Mrs *Barlow*'s neck, ſaid, my dear mamma! I have two mothers now; but you was my firſt, and ſhall ever have my warmeſt affection. He then propoſed, that, in a day or two, they ſhould take a tour to the ſhip, telling them he had brought ſome things as a teſtimony of his gratitude and reſpect, and others from his parents, as preſents to them—which he hoped would prove agreeable. He preſented *Fanny* with a ring from his father, and the rich box from his mother, which ſhe received with her uſual grace, her eyes ſparkling upon her lover, and her boſom heaving with acknowledgment, and they were admired by the whole company.

The next day he earneſtly beſought his dear Mrs *Barlow* to ſpend the reſt of her days with him and her daughter in *England*, to which ſhe anſwered, that ſhe needed no intreaty to that, but was ready to depart when they did, for life would be life no where without them, and ſhe had diſpoſed of all her affairs in *Maryland* in order to ſettle where they thought proper. Her grateful ſon returned her a thouſand acknowledg-

ments for her condeſcenſion, and promiſed to conſult her eaſe in all he did. He then endeavoured to perſuade Mr *Ferguſon*, his ſpouſe and Mr *Gordon* to come to the ſame reſolve, promiſing they ſhould be ſharers of all his fortune; but as they were now quite wedded to the country and climate, they did not chooſe to remove to *Europe*; and therefore, he firſt made Mr and Mrs *Ferguſon* a preſent of one thouſand pounds, and five hundred pounds to Mr *Gordon*, promiſing that on all occaſions, at the leaſt warning, they ſhould command any ſum he was maſter of. They would have declined ſuch unexampled favours, but he would not hear the leaſt mention of it. For honeſt *Duncan Murray*, he bought a pretty plantation, and gave him one hundred pounds to ſtock it and ſettle on it, and made magnificent returns to Major *M'Dougal* and his ſpouſe for their goodneſs to his *Fanny*. In a few days they viſited the Captain, on ſhipboard, when Mr *Anderſon* preſented to Mr *Gordon* and Mr *Ferguſon* the library he had purchaſed for them, as a joint poſſeſſion between them, which coſt him near one hundred and fifty pounds, at which Mr *Gordon* ſaid, Well, Sir, this indeed is ſome ſmall amends for the loſs we are going to ſuſtain of your ſociety, and that of theſe two ladies. The ladies were all three pleaſed with the rich ſilks, ſent by

Mrs *Anderſon*, which were of the fineſt fabric and the neweſt patterns, and it was a work of ſome days to convey all theſe things up to *Senepuxon*.

At length the expected day arrived, which was to unite the hands of the moſt faithful pair, that ever entered the bands of *Hymen*. They never looked more beautiful than that day, and Mr *Gordon* performed the ceremony with an edifying ſolemnity. A ſuperb entertainment, at which all the neighbouring planters aſſiſted, with muſic and dancing, according to the genius of the country, ſucceeded; and the rapturous night made them ſtill dearer to each other, than ever.

Here love lights up his golden lamp,
Reigns here and revels!

Three weeks longer were ſpent in all the delights of love and friendſhip at *Senepuxon*, when our lovers began to think of departing for *Europe*, and, having taken a mournful, affectionate farewell of Mr *Gordon*, and Mr and Mrs *Ferguſon*, who ſaw them to the ſhip, Mr *Anderſon* and his lady and Mrs *Barlow* embarked, and ſailed up *James-river*, from whence they repaired to *Williamſburgh*, where they were nobly entertained by Mr *M'Ken-*

zie, with whom Mr *Anderſon* ſettled his own affairs and his father's. Here he received letters of thanks and fine preſents from the governors of *Canada* and *Moville*, in return for thoſe he ſent from *France*—and heard, to his great ſatisfaction, that all Capt. *Matthewſon*'s ſervants, to whom he had been ſo generous, proſpered in their affairs.

Their voyage to *England* was ſpeedy and proſperous, and Mr *Anderſon* landed at *Portſmouth*, with a cargo, his lovely wife and deareſt mother, ſuperior, in his mind, to all the gold and diamonds of the *Indies*. From thence, after ſhewing them every thing remarkable in the journey, they went to *London*, in a coach and ſix, where, upon advice from him, his father and mother were arrived at Mr *Perkin*'s to receive them, and with grateful affection embraced their daughter-in-law and her mother, who ſoon became their inſeparable companions, and extremely fond of their new couſins. After they had ſeen every thing curious in *London*, all their goods were arrived from the ſhip, and Mr *Anderſon* had made the Captain a valuable preſent for his care and kindneſs, they ſet out with a grand retinue for their ſeat in *Yorkſhire*, to enjoy that reſt and felicity their worth and goodneſs had ſo much merited. He did not fail to inform the Mar-

quiſſes *Daville* and *Du Cayle*, and their ladies, with the fortunate turn of his affairs, and ever afterwards frequently correſponded with thoſe worthy friends, and Mr *Gordon* and Mr and Mrs *Ferguſon*, and in the uſual time they were bleſſed with a beautiful boy, the exact image of his father. Old Mr *Anderſon* and his lady, and Mrs *Barlow*, lived to a good old age, bleſſed in receiving the dutiful attendance, and viewing the ſupreme felicity of their children, and a numerous race of grandchildren, who inherit all the perfections of their father and mother. Mr *Anderſon* and his lovely *Fanny* are ſtill living, and, though now in the decline of life, experience, that love founded on good ſenſe and virtue can never know decay, and that providence ever ſhowers down bleſſings on truth and conſtancy.

Oh! never let a virtuous mind deſpair;
For heaven makes virtue its peculiar care.

FINIS.